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ADMIRALTY REFORM.

For years the cry for Admiralty reform has sounded in the ears of Parliament and the country; for years it has been admitted that reform was necessary.

The costliness of the naval service has been a constant theme for declamation in Parliament and the Press ever since the Russian War; and the defence of the Admiralty, which spent—its foes said wastefully—ten millions of public money even in years of profound peace, was a task which succeeding Boards found more and more difficult.

Mr. Childers took office, pledged to reform, and determined not to defend any part of the Admiralty administration that was not defensible on its own merits. His colleagues were reformers by nature and by their antecedents—men who had waited patiently for an opportunity to give practical expression to opinions which had hitherto found vent chiefly in the utterances of Independent members of the House of Commons.

The first step towards reform of the naval service was the reconstruction of the machinery by which that service was administered—the recasting of the Admiralty itself. Until that concrete substance should be brought into a state of fusion, and moulded into a machine ready to assist, there was little chance for reform. The Admiralty in its elaborate organization, and consequent unwieldiness, was a power, the magnitude

of which was known only to those who had had to deal with it. To assist or to obstruct, the heads of departments and their subordinates were omnipotent, except against men who had strength of will and strength of arm greater than had appeared at Whitehall and Somerset House for many a year. Before all things it was necessary that the Admiralty should be subdued and re-organized.

A few matters of general policy upon which public opinion had pronounced were carried out by the new Board, but the task they set themselves as the task of all others, the *magnum opus* upon which it behoved them to try their strength, was the reform of the Admiralty Office.

With few exceptions the members of the staff were conservative with the conservatism of officials, and offered that passive resistance which women use, to the hints which were given them to set their house in order. The task of the reforming Administration was proportionately great. Men, comparatively new to office, some of them never in office before, had to apply themselves first to master the principles upon which business had been conducted hitherto, keeping in mind the broad principles they wished to introduce instead, and then to prevent themselves from being swamped in the mass of details and technicalities which came daily upon them in the discharge of current business.

Hitherto the governing body at the Admiralty had not been the Minister of the day, and his parliamentary or professional colleagues who shifted, as he himself did, with the Ministry, but the permanent staff who served under all Governments. The "Board of Admiralty" had been a variable power, strong or weak according to the Administration that happened to be in office, or according to the ability or supineness of the changing head; but the "Admiralty Office" was known as a permanent institution, strong for good or for evil: able, if willing, to help forward the objects of a Minister; able also, if unwilling, to obstruct and retard them to an extent quite unknown to the outside public. An office which drew from the public purse 171,000*l.* a year in salaries, wages, and allowances, was a power which no Minister, however able, could afford to despise. For many purposes the Admiralty Office was the Admiralty itself. Over the executive departments, "Lords" who changed continually had practically no control. The utmost they could hope to do was to study, perhaps faintly to criticise, the arrangements of the permanent chiefs. What indeed was a gentleman to do who went from the ranks of ordinary political life, unversed in official ways, to say nothing of the ways of business, to the control of a department of which the head had already served—as one "principal officer" did serve—under thirty-three temporary superintendents? What possible solvent could be furnished for the "practical difficulties" which a permanent official would be sure to advance against innovations? What real force would the recommendations of a fleeting superintendent have when confronted with the conservatism of thirty years' experience? The nominal heads of the service, besides being spokesmen in Parliament, were more or less puppets of which the office pulled the wires. It is the natural tendency of officials to magnify their office, and this tendency the Admiralty officials had been very prone to follow. It must be a strong Board, composed of men of great individual strength

and of iron resolution, that could venture to carry out sweeping reforms in the teeth of opposition from the heads of branches and heads of departments.

To the public the Admiralty Office was no less concrete than it was to its own "Lords." Persons having business with it were afraid of it, save those few who made it worth their own while to master its intricacies. "You must turn 'first to your left hand; *mais prenez garde*, there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second. Then go 'down a little way and you'll see a 'church, and when you are past it, give 'yourself the trouble to turn directly to 'the right, and that will lead you to the 'foot of the Pont Neuf, which you 'must cross, and there any one will do 'himself the pleasure to show you." Such were the directions given by the *grisette* to Yorick, when that student of humanity asked the way to his hotel. Such, minus the politeness, were the sort of directions an ordinary outsider expected to get, if hardy enough to venture within the compound of the great Government office unprovided with friendly guides to the object of his search.

By the time the present Government took office the country, represented both by the House of Commons, and the great commercial community, was eager for some change. The costly nature of the Admiralty machinery rendered retrenchment imperative, while the yet more costly way in which the Admiralty carried on its business made the demand for reform still more urgent. The present Government came in pledged to reform; and at the very outset of their career an occurrence took place which at once assisted them materially in their work, and laid bare an ugly sore, long suspected, in the reputation of the department. The trial and conviction of two officials for obtaining money under the false pretence that, being connected with the Admiralty, they could control the disposition of contracts, gave the reformers a weapon which they were not slow to use against the department principally concerned. Occasion was taken to break up the

Storekeeper-General's department, and to distribute the several portions of its duties where they could be more directly under the control of highest authority. The office of Storekeeper-General of Naval Stores was abolished, and part of it was reconstructed upon an entirely different basis. Upon a similar basis it was determined, when occasion should serve, to reconstruct also the departments of the other "principal officers."

To justify this determination it is necessary to explain that the Admiralty Office, till the beginning of last year, consisted of a large department with sub-branches at Whitehall, called the Secretary's Office, and departments for specific services under five "principal officers," four of whom were located at Somerset House, and one, the Surveyor of the Navy, at Whitehall. Besides these there were three minor officers, in direct communication with the Board, viz. the Director of Works, the Director of Transports, and the Registrar of Contracts. These also were located at Somerset House. The departments of the five principal officers were created by Sir James Graham in 1832, when the last great catastrophe shook the foundations of the Admiralty. Previously to that, the Navy Board, with its commissioners in London and the ports, and its subordinate Victualling Board and Transport Board, constituted an Admiralty which was cumbrous, inefficient, and in some of its branches thoroughly corrupt. The disclosures which were made on the impeachment of Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1806, were enough to have discredited the system; but the power of vested interests, the exigencies of the public service at the time, and above all the want of "thorough" in the administration, enabled the Navy Board system to hold its own for twenty-six years longer. The Liberals of the day made repeated attempts to carry the Admiralty position by storm, and were loud in their declamations against official abuses; but till the year 1832 no opportunity occurred of more than patchwork being done. Not till then did a Govern-

ment come into power strong enough to act effectually, and honest enough to act with a single eye to the public good.

Sir James Graham destroyed the old order, and reconstituted the Admiralty upon the principles which obtained till the present Government took office. His constitution was after this sort. There were five "Lords," including the First Lord, a Parliamentary Secretary, answering to an Under-Secretary of State, and a permanent Secretary to the Board. The Board and the Secretary's Office was located at Whitehall. At Somerset House were the five principal officers, viz. the Surveyor, the Accountant-General, the Storekeeper-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, and the Physician (afterwards called the Medical Director-General). These officers were permanent heads of departments, not changing with the Ministry. Each had a residence at Somerset House, and a salary of 1,000*l.* a year. The residences were subsequently given up for office accommodation, each officer receiving an additional 300*l.* a year as an equivalent.

The functions of these officers might be generally comprehended from their titles. Each department prepared its own estimates, and explained from its own accounts any surplus or deficiencies in its vote. Each department was self-contained, as independent of the others as if they had been distinct or even rival establishments. The Board at Whitehall and the instructions ordering one officer to act for another during absence or sickness, were the only common ground among them. The Surveyor was the architect and constructor of the navy, his work being supervised by the First Sea Lord, and carried out, when approved, at the dockyards. His business consisted in designing, building, rigging, and repairing ships, but not in equipping them for sea. To the Storekeeper-General, Comptroller of the Victualling, and Physician belonged the duty of providing naval stores—stores, that is, required for the use of the ship herself—provisions, clothing, medical and victualling stores. It was also the business of these officers to see that sufficient stocks of the articles

supplied by them were kept up at the dock and victualling yards at home and abroad, to replenish these when exhausted, and to see that all supplies, whether to yards or ships, were duly accounted for in some account of final expenditure.

All of these officers were responsible for their conduct to the Board of Admiralty, of which individual members were detailed to superintend special departments. Thus the First Sea Lord generally took the oversight of all matters relating to the superior *personnel* of the navy, ordered the distribution of the ships of the fleet, superintended the construction department, and advised the First Lord upon all matters relating to actual sea-service. The Junior Lord, a civilian, was supposed to superintend the financial business of the Admiralty, —the Accountant-General was his particular charge; and to him were referred all questions relating to expenditure and account of cash. The Junior Naval Lord looked after the victualling, transport, and medical services; and the Parliamentary Secretary was a sort of deputy First Lord, with superior pay but inferior rank to the Lords. These "superintending Lords," as they were called, were the guardians of the guardians of the public service. Collectively they formed the Board of Admiralty.

Attached to the Board for departmental purposes and as head of the central office was the Permanent Secretary, almost always a lawyer imported into the service. He was head over the clerical establishment at Whitehall, secretary to the Board, and their adviser upon matters of practice, tradition, and routine. His office, called the Secretary's Office, was divided into numerous branches, dealing with the various heads into which the business of the Admiralty was divided. Thus there were the military branch, the commission branch, the legal, establishment, pension, naval, warrant, and record branches, the "private office," and the secret office, where the private correspondence of the First Lord and the strictly confidential business of the Admiralty were conducted. Much

of the work of these branches consisted in executive business of what might be called an original kind—that is to say, business arising out of orders emanating from the Board, which were to be communicated direct to the persons who were to carry out those orders. But a great deal of their work consisted in what might be called business at second hand. The outlying departments at Somerset House were treated as though they were a hundred miles off; representations from them had to be made by means of letters addressed to the Secretary of the Board, who, before presenting them for decision, caused reports to be made upon them by the branch at Whitehall told off to deal with the subject. The original matter, with the local report, was then presented to the Board, or dealt with, if a small matter, by the Superintending Lord of the department making the report. Personal directions were next to never given, except upon trifling points and upon certain matters of course. The branches at Whitehall were buffers between the departments and the Board. They received and answered communications by correspondence. They also corresponded on behalf of the department with all other departments of State, it being beneath the dignity of a Secretary of State to receive letters from a subordinate officer of another department. Verbal intercourse was practically prohibited between the Admiralty departments and the central office—still more between the Admiralty departments and other departments of Government.

Two British seamen, having been wrecked near Vera Cruz, are saved in the rags they stand up in, and are taken to Vera Cruz naked and destitute. They apply to the British consul for protection and the means to enable them to get home. The consul, finding a British man-of-war is about to quit the station, applies to the captain to give the "distressed British subjects" a passage. After no small amount of correspondence between the consul and the captain, the captain and the commander-in-chief on the station, and

the commander-in-chief and the consul, the matter is arranged so far that an order is given for the request for passage to be complied with. The men are sent on board the man-of-war going home, and are supplied with provisions and clothing necessary for them during the passage. On arrival in England, the two men, who have probably more than paid by their labour for the supplies furnished to them, are discharged to the shore, having previously informed the officer commanding the man-of-war as to the name of their shipwrecked vessel, and of the merchant who owned her. So far all is well; the circumstances of time, place, and distinct responsibilities having perhaps rendered the amount of correspondence mentioned above unavoidable. Besides, up to this point, the Circumlocution Office has not had anything to do in the matter; but with the arrival of the ship it has its turn.

The paymaster of the man-of-war claims in his accounts the provisions and clothing he supplied to the shipwrecked men, and in support of his claim produces certain letters, which however are not the vouchers required by the regulations. His claim is, therefore, disallowed; but after much correspondence between him and the Accounts Department, he manages to get his claim admitted, and the department casts about for some other department upon which it can fix the liability to pay the trifling cost incurred in bringing these "distressed British seamen" home. Had the vouchers been on the regular printed form, and signed and countersigned in accordance with the instructions, there would have been no difficulty. The Accounts Department would have written a letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, who would in his turn have written to the Board of Trade, and requested that department to recover the value of the supplies from the merchant in whose employ the sailors had been; and then, unless there was a hitch, and the merchant refused to pay, or did anything else unworthy, the Accounts Depart-

ment would have been informed through the same machinery by which it got at the merchant, that the matter had been arranged, and that the sum of 3*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* had been paid to the credit of Vote 16*a*, head "Sundries." But the vouchers having, in the absence of printed forms at Vera Cruz, been made out on slips of paper, and further, in the hurry of departure, having been signed by only one of the persons who should have signed them, and not having been countersigned at all, there is a question in the Accounts Department as to whether the men brought home are to be considered in the light of "distressed British subjects" or "distressed British seamen," and the department cannot, for the life of it, make out to what parliamentary vote the amount shall be charged. So copies are made of all the vouchers and letters sent into the office by the paymaster of the man-of-war, and forwarded with an explanatory letter, duly numbered and initialed in several places, from the Accounts Department, which is at Somerset House, to the Secretary of the Admiralty at Whitehall. At Whitehall, the Secretary writes another letter, embodying that which has been addressed to him, and sends it to the Treasury *with copies of the copies of the vouchers* sent in to the Accounts Department; and he requests the Treasury to solve the riddle which has been propounded by the head of the Accounts Department. The Treasury writes to the Foreign Office, to propose that the sum be defrayed out of some fund there; but the Foreign Office doesn't see it, and writes back again to say so. The Treasury acquaints the Whitehall office by letter to this effect, and decides that the Board of Trade shall pay: and the Whitehall office, after corresponding with the Board of Trade, writes to the Accounts Department to inform it that 3*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* should be charged to Vote No. 61, in the accounts to be rendered to Parliament.

It is quite clear that duplication of work was fostered by the departmental system in London, and that, by the practice of office, superintending Lords

were prevented from overhauling, or indeed from personally knowing, anything about the departments they were supposed to control. Sir James Graham's system, good as it was compared with the old system, developed in the highest degree the bureaucratic spirit, and by individualizing the services made them more and more unmanageable from the central office. The Board had no grasp over most of the business they were called to discharge. They were obliged to entrust almost all the details relating to expenditure to the spending departments themselves.

Bureaucracy thrived under the system until it attained such proportions as made the House of Commons bolder in attacking it, and made the task of defending it more difficult every year. The cost of the Admiralty Office in London in the year 1868-69 was 182,364*l*.

But it was not only in respect of its inordinate costliness that the House of Commons and the public complained. The enemies of the office accused it of being also so unbusiness-like as to be the cause of swelling the Navy estimates to an intolerable extent.

To make this charge intelligible it should be stated that the departments spent the income of the Admiralty, each department disbursing and accounting for the amount itself had estimated for its expenditure during the year. The estimates were certainly criticised by the Board before being submitted to Parliament, but not in the minute way possible to a man bent on mastering their details, and able by means of the office organization to command the information necessary to master them. The estimates once voted, there was practically no check upon expenditure, no ascertaining whether good or bad purchases were being made, no means taken to secure purchases being made at the most favourable times, no organization provided for securing the most suitable article at the most favourable price, no business spirit, no commercial intelligence. Each department acted according to its lights in procuring

supplies. There was no uniformity of system, though the system in each department was the very opposite of that by which alone a private merchant could thrive. If any head of department chanced to have an aptitude for business—a very unlikely chance, as the heads were generally persons chosen for political reasons—and tried to carry out a business-like plan, he was stifled by “the practice of office,” and bound by what was done in the time of William and Mary. As a rule, the departments replenished their stock of articles whenever that stock happened to be low, without reference to the present or probable state of markets, without inquiry as to the best sources from which to obtain supplies, without adopting any of the precautions which ordinary business-prudence would suggest. Their stock being low was to be replenished; a correspondence was opened between Somerset House and Whitehall, and authority being given to get the supplies, advertisements were generally issued—for some articles, as tea, sugar, wheat, always issued—inviting tenders to be made and samples to be sent in on a particular day. Persons desirous of tendering found that they must not only conform strictly to certain office regulations, such as tendering on a particular form, but must also engage to get two sureties to go bail for them in the due performance of their agreement, and consent, in the case of all victualling stores and many other stores, to the imposition of heavy fines in the event of non-fulfilment of all the conditions of the contract. These unusual requirements satisfied, the would-be vendor found that if his offer was accepted he had yet to subscribe a formal, stamped contract under seal, and to join with his sureties in a penal bond for the due execution of the bargain; and this in cases where the agreement was for a specific quantity of an article at a specific price. The result of this system was a likely one. By making wants known when the prudent course was to buy without its being known that the Government was in the market, oppor-

tunity was given to those who studied the ways of Government business to combine or otherwise to raise prices; and houses of first repute, merchants or manufacturers, with plenty else to do than to adapt themselves to the eccentricities of the office, would not, as a rule, touch the Government contracts—withheld, that is, from placing at the service of the country the resources of the first houses of business in the land. Of course, in some cases the magnitude of the demand incited first-rate people to tender, and made it worth while to take some trouble to ascertain precisely the way in which Government business was done. When first-rate houses took the trouble, they almost invariably secured the contract, and the Government was well served in spite of itself; but, as a rule, the Admiralty contracts were taken by small men who entered upon them as a speculation. If the toss came down heads, the contractors won: if tails, the Government lost. The system was to advertise for whatever was wanted, without respect to markets, prices, or anything else, and to accept the lowest tender, except in extraordinary circumstances. The tenders were opened in the presence of the "principal officer" concerned, of his "superintending Lord," and of the Registrar of Contracts. Samples were judged by independent persons, who did not know to whom particular samples belonged. Every precaution was taken against fraud and undue influence, and it may be stated as a fact that corruption was almost useless as a means to obtain a contract. Whatever chance bribery had was in the receipt of inferior goods at the yard *after* the contract had been obtained. It was shown clearly enough at the trial already alluded to that gifts to win a contract were practically thrown away, and those who took gifts were punishable, not for the misdemeanour as against the Admiralty, but for getting money under false pretences from the briber. The Admiralty system of business was unbusiness-like if clean, and cost the country (so said business men in the House of Com-

mons and out of it) far beyond what it might cost if business ways were adopted.

There was yet a third cry for reform, one which proceeded from the Admiralty itself, a cry for reform in the pay and position of those who did the real work of the departments. The junior or third class clerks in the departments were paid from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year; the second class clerks 315*l.* to 500*l.*; and the first class clerks 520*l.* to 650*l.* a year. The chief clerk of a department had 850*l.* In the Secretary's office the scale was higher. Second class supervised third class, first class supervised second class, chief clerk supervised first class, and "principal officer," acting under advice from chief clerk, or upon his own responsibility, was "superintended" by a "superintending Lord." The third class pay was admittedly enough for third class work: in many cases it was far in excess of the value received. Copying, ticking, opening envelopes, directing covers, going with messages—this sort of thing was overpaid perhaps at the price, but the second class clerks, upon whom really devolved the executive work of the departments,—the first class clerks, if the chief clerk was worth anything, being more ornamental than useful,—complained that their pay was too small.

Thus the task the present Government had to accomplish was threefold: first to diminish the expense of the Admiralty offices, and to bring them under direct control; second, to put the supply system on a footing analogous to that by which private establishments thrive; third, to improve the pay and position of the clerks in the office.

The first and third portions of this task were taken together. Committees were appointed to examine and report upon the whole system of Admiralty business in London and at the ports. Left perfectly free to act and report according to what might appear upon the evidence before them, these committees had yet before their eyes a sample of what the Board wished, and of what was desirable from the reforming

point of view. The experiment tried by the Board, soon after its accession to power, of abolishing the office of Storekeeper-General, and giving over its business of providing naval stores to a small branch under the Controller of the Navy,¹ the accounts being made over to the Accountant-General, had proved successful, and served as a guide in reforming the other departments. Careful inquiry led to the conclusion that the efficiency of the public service, as well as the economy of administration, required the reduction of the other departments to the condition of executive branches under the personal direct control of a Lord of the Admiralty, and that the maintenance of the expensive series of *imperia in imperio* established by Sir James Graham was no longer necessary or advisable. Accounts in each case were made over to the Accountant-General, as the disinterested and independent accountant officer of the Admiralty; the procurement of supplies of all kinds, from tallow candles to armour plates, was made over to a new department, called the Purchase Department; and the branches were left with purely executive functions, untrammelled either by supply or account business.

By this action, the hitherto outlying departments were theoretically brought into direct communication with the "Lords" controlling them; and to reduce this theory into practice, room was made at Whitehall, or Spring Gardens, by the surrender of some of the official residences, for the departments hitherto relegated to Somerset House. The whole of the Accountant-General's department (except the Navy Pay section), including the accounts turned over from the Victualling, Naval store, Medical and Transport departments, was accommodated at Spring Gardens; and the whole of the Admiralty was brought within speaking distance of the Board. This effected, the old machinery, including the White-

hall "branch" buffers, became useless, at all events in part, and redistribution of the effective strength became necessary. Occasion was taken to retire, upon the most liberal terms allowed by the Superannuation Act, as many of the clerks right through the Admiralty as were either past work or were inclined to act as obstructives, or were disposed from any reason to quit the service. Many availed themselves of the offers made, a general thinning-out took place, and there were left in the service only those who could and would work for the objects the Board had in view. To stimulate the zeal of these gentlemen, and to accede as far as possible to the demand for increased pay in the directing classes, it was determined to abolish the existing system of third, second, first, and chief clerks, and to substitute one in which clerks, senior clerks, and chief clerks were the only classes recognised,—a system in which senior clerks should have responsible work in return for reasonable pay, and in which juniors should have a fairer prospect of promotion to the senior classes than at present. By consent of the Treasury, senior clerks in the departments were allowed 400*l.* to 600*l.* a year, by annual increments of 20*l.*, instead of 315*l.* to 500*l.* a year by annual increments of 15*l.*; and the numbers of the junior class are gradually to be decreased to half the present staff, their places being taken by writers at fixed pay, so that the proportion of juniors to seniors will be almost equal. For the time, they are in the proportion of about four to one. First class clerks are abolished, except in the Secretary's office, which remains, as to classes, *in statu quo*.

The result of the changes hitherto made may be thus stated: the departmental system is abolished, and the branches representing them are so brought under the direct supervision of a Lord of the Admiralty that they can be easily held in hand, and made readily to give information to the master-spirit presiding over all. That master-spirit, by the same token, is enabled to become

¹ The Surveyor of the Navy of Sir J. Graham had been changed into a Controller of the Navy, and this officer was by Mr. Childers given a seat at the Board as Second Naval Lord.

what has long been recognised as the only panacea for Admiralty mismanagement and divided responsibility—Minister of Marine. Such is virtually the post Mr. Childers now occupies. The great increase of efficiency obtained by getting rid of office go-betweens, and dealing direct with the executive branches, is hardly to be gauged by those who do not know the detail of Admiralty business. The financial result is intelligible to every one. A saving of over 20,000*l.* a year, with increased pay and increased efficiency, is the outcome of the reforming work of the present Government, upon the office staff alone.

The outcome of the second portion of the task set by the Board to themselves, viz. the reform of the supply-business of the Admiralty, it is impossible just now to summarize. Another year will show greater results, but the present year will justify the steps taken in this regard. Instead of allowing each department to procure its own supplies, as heretofore, upon diverse systems, all unbusiness-like, the principle has been laid down that one Purchase Department shall be the hand for procuring all supplies whatever. This department, controlled and directed by the financial secretary—the financial minister, in fact, of the Admiralty—is charged with the duty of supplying, upon the demands of the controlling Lord, the stores required by all the executive and spending departments. It is the business of this department to acquaint itself with all the particulars of the articles in which its customers deal, to find out the best time for buying particular stores, and the best mode of getting supplies of every description. The working head of it, under the financial secretary—who must himself be a business man, well versed in commercial affairs—must be a man who knows, not so much of his own judgment the quality and value of things, as the sure sources whence he may obtain sound judgment and reliable information on those subjects; and his

staff must consist of able men with distinct commercial intelligence, superior to the notion that brokers are “cads,” and that it is not “gentlemanly” to make bargains. Such a department it has been the care of the present Administration to build up; and though during the present year circumstances have conspired to make certain markets unfavourable to the new system (they would have been still more unfavourable to the old), the result of the change has been to effect such savings upon the naval votes for supplies as amply to warrant the overthrow of the former system. Without being at liberty to particularize at the present moment the articles concerned, it is permitted to the writer to remark that upon some necessary items of large consumption, savings have been effected of eleven, fifteen, thirty-three (and, in one exceptional case, three hundred) per cent. upon prices paid very recently under the old system. By the simple adoption of business ways, and of the procedure by which alone private establishments succeed, the present administration at the Admiralty are in the way to effect savings of enormous extent in the naval expenditure, without lessening in any degree the guarantees by which quality has hitherto been ensured, and while increasing the safeguards against personal and departmental corruption.

Such has been part of the work of the present Government since its accession to office, work which has not been accomplished without much difficulty, without the necessity of overcoming resistance, passive and active, sometimes with a strong hand. It is not all that has been done. On another occasion it may be allowed the writer to explain the scope and result of work undertaken at the dock and victualling yards, work hardly less important than that achieved in London. Sufficient now to have described, however imperfectly, the operations of the reformers at the Central Office.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

DITCHLEY opened its eyes wide with unfeigned astonishment when it learned that its sometime curate was suddenly transformed into the Reverend Edward Scanlan of Oldham Court, master of a fortune which, even allowing for gossiping exaggerations, was still sufficient to make him a county magnate for the rest of his days. True, his position was in one sense merely nominal, Mr. Oldham having taken the precaution to tie the fortune safely up in the hands of two trustees, Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhorne, so that Mr. Scanlan had little more to do than to receive twice a year his annual income, while the principal was secured to his wife and children. But these arrangements were kept private, especially by himself; and he burst out, full-blown, as the ostensible owner of one of the finest estates and most picturesque mansions in the county.

Oldham Court, one of the few Elizabethan houses now remaining in England, had remained, almost unaltered, both within and without, for generations. Its late possessor had never lived in it—but had carefully preserved it, just as it was:—letting the land round it to a gentleman-farmer, and by good management doubling the value of the property. The house itself, with the little church adjoining, wherein slept generations of Oldhams, was far away from town or village: Ditchley, eleven miles off, being its nearest link to civilization. But it sat in the midst of a lovely country, hilly though not bleak, solitary yet not dreary: the sort of region to which any lover of nature is speedily attracted, and loves with a strong adhesiveness that people who live in streets and squares, or in neigh-

bourhoods without any salient characteristics, cannot in the least understand. And though Mr. Oldham had never resided there—at least never since he had inherited it—from the wording of his last will he had evidently loved it much.

In his will he expressly desired that the Scanlans should immediately remove thither: that unless upon great emergency, it should neither be sold nor rebuilt, but that Mrs. Scanlan should inhabit it just as it was, as long as she lived. That, in short, it should be made into the family home of a new family, which should replace the extinct Oldhams.

To account for his having chosen Mrs. Scanlan as his heiress, various old tales were raked up, and added as excrescences to the obvious truth;—such as Mr. Oldham's having been once in love with a Frenchwoman, Mrs. Scanlan's mother, or aunt, or cousin—nobody quite knew which. There might or might not have been a grain of fact at the bottom of these various fictions: but they were never verified: and common-sense people soon took the common-sense view of the subject: namely, that when a man has no heirs he is quite right in choosing for himself what Providence has denied him, and endowing with his fortune the most suitable person he can find: who is also the one to whom it will do most good and who will do most good with it. And these qualifications—every one agreed—were combined in Mrs. Scanlan.

It was a curious fact, showing how in course of years all people find their level—even in the eyes of the outside world,—that no surprise was expressed at Ditchley because Mr. Oldham left his fortune to Mrs. Scanlan rather than to her husband; indeed some people sagely remarked "that it was just as well."

This was all: for Mr. Scanlan still retained much of his old popularity: and besides many who would have been ready enough to criticise the poor curate at Wren's Nest, looked with lenient eyes on the master of Oldham Court.

The migration was accomplished speedily; Mr. Scanlan himself taking little part therein. He was in feeble health for some weeks after the shock of his good fortune: so that he had to leave to his wife the management of everything—which, with terrified haste, she accomplished within the first few days of her new inheritance. She got possession of the school accounts, went over them, found the exact amount of her husband's defalcations, and replaced it out of a sum which she obtained from her trustees for her own immediate use. Then she breathed freely. There had been but a hair's breadth between her and ruin—that utter ruin which lost honour brings: but the crisis was over, and she had escaped.

He had escaped, that is: but she had ceased to divide, even in thought, her own and her husband's fortunes. The strong line which needs to be drawn between deliberate wickedness and mere weakness—even though they often arrive at the same sad end—she now saw clear. She never for a moment disguised from herself what sort of a man Edward Scanlan was—but as long as she could protect him from himself, and protect her children from him, she did not fear.

It was with a full heart—fuller than anybody dreamed of—that she left Wren's Nest and its associations behind for ever. The very words "for ever" seemed to hallow them, and make her shrink with pain when Mr. Scanlan declared that he "shook the dust of it from off his feet, and hoped he might never again re-enter that horrid hole." But she said nothing; and drove by her husband's side, in their own comfortable carriage, across the smiling country, to the old gateway of Oldham Court.

It so chanced she had never seen the place before. Mr. Oldham had some-

times planned to take her there, but the visit had never come about: now, at the very first sight, her heart leaped to it, as to the ideal home for which she had been craving all her days. Grey, quiet, lonely,—with its quaint old-fashioned gables, and long low Tudor windows—no palatial residence or baronial hall, but just a house—a house to live in: and to live in contentedly till one died—Josephine felt with a sudden thrill of ineffable thankfulness that here indeed was her rest; where no storms could come, and out of which no cruel hands would uproot her again. For surely now her husband would be satisfied. She asked him the question.

"Satisfied? Well—yes. A nice house; but rather queer-looking and old-fashioned. What a pity we are obliged to keep it as it is, and cannot pull it down and build it up afresh as a modern residence."

"Do you think so?" was all Mrs. Scanlan replied. She never argued with her husband now.

At the door stood all her children waiting—a goodly group; justifying Mr. Oldham's choice of the family which should succeed his own. Behind them was an array of new servants, men and women, with Bridget at their head—Bridget, now promoted to "Mrs. Hal-loran," and having with true Irish adaptability taken her place at once as confidential servant and follower of the family. A position greatly against her master's liking: indeed he had proposed pensioning her off, and despatching her at once to Ireland, till he considered that a "follower" implied a "family:" and to be able to speak of "our housekeeper, who has been with us twenty years," gave a certain character of antique respectability to his establishment. Therefore, as he passed her in her black silk dress and neat cap—Bridget was, especially in her latter days, that rare but not impossible anomaly, a tidy Irishwoman—he acknowledged her curtsy with a patronising "How d'ye do?"—and said no more concerning her proposed dismissal.

Theoretically and poetically, the sudden translation from poverty to riches is quite easy, natural, and agreeable: practically it is not so. Let a family be ever so refined and aristocratic, still if it has been brought up in indigence, its habits will have caught some tinge of the untoward circumstances through which it has had to struggle. I once knew a lady who confessed that she found it difficult to learn to order her servant to "bring candles," instead of "the candle:" and no doubt the Scanlan family on its first accession to wealth was exposed to similar perplexities.

The younger branches, especially, found their splendid new shoes rather troublesome wear. Accustomed to the glorious freedom of poverty, they writhed a little under their gilded chains. They quarrelled with the new nurses, made fun of the dignified butler and footman, and altogether gave so much trouble that it was a relief when, César having already gone to Oxford, the two other boys were sent off to school, and the three girls alone remained to brighten Oldham Court. But with these, despite all their father's arguments about the propriety of sending them to a fashionable London boarding-school, the mother point-blank refused to part. A governess was procured—the best attainable: and so the domestic chaos was gradually reduced to order.

This done, and when she grew accustomed to see her children in their new position: no longer running wild like village boys and girls, but well-dressed, well-taught, and comporting themselves like a gentleman's sons and daughters, their mother's heart swelled with exultant joy. Her seven years of terrible suspense seemed blotted out: and the future—her children's future, for she had long ceased to have any other—stretched itself out before her clear as a sunshiny landscape. The happiness was worth the pain.

It had only been her own pain after all. Now, she sometimes smiled, half bitterly, to think what useless pangs had wrung her tender conscience about keeping that secret from her husband.

He himself did not seem to feel it in the least. After the first outburst of wounded vanity, he had never once referred to the subject; seemed, indeed, to have quite lost sight of it. To do him justice, he was not one to "bear malice," as the phrase is; he forgot his injuries as quickly as he did his blessings. Besides, so many sensitive troubles are avoided, and so many offences condoned, by people whose law of conduct is—not what is right or wrong, but what is expedient.

Therefore, as soon as he recovered full health, which he did to all appearance ere long, Mr. Scanlan began to enjoy his changed fortunes amazingly; accepting them not so much as a gift, but a debt long owed to him by a tardy Providence. Within a few months—nay, weeks—he had ignored his Ditchley life as completely as the butterfly does his chrysalis exuviae, and burst out full-winged as the master of Oldham Court. He talked about "my place" as if he had possessed it all his days; only grumbling sometimes at the house itself—its dulness, its distance from any town, and, above all, its old-fashionedness. Edward Scanlan, who had been brought up in that phase of modern luxury in which the cost of a thing constitutes its sole value, did not approve of the Gothic style at all.

But to his wife, from the first minute she crossed its threshold, Oldham Court felt like home—her home till death, and that of her descendants after her. For she had come to that time of life when we begin involuntarily to look forward to our own secession in favour of the young, coming lives, who will carry on into futurity this dream of our life—which already begins to seem to us "like a shadow that departeth;"—and backwards on those past generations to whom we shall ere long descend. Thus, even while thinking of her children and children's children who would inherit this place, Josephine, wandering about it, often saw it peopled with innumerable gentle ghosts, into whose empty seats her bright, living, young flock had climbed. She felt

a great tenderness over these long-dead Oldhams ; and took pains to identify and preserve the family portraits which still hung in hall and staircase. In her idle hours, only too numerous now, she liked to go and sit in the little church, which was so close to the house that, much to her husband's horror, one of the dining-room windows looked on to the churchyard. He had it boarded up immediately ; but still, from her bedroom casement, Josephine would, of moonlight nights, or in early sunrises, gaze upon that tiny God's acre, and think, almost with a sense of pleasure, that she should one day be buried there.

These vanished Oldhams, they slept in peace—from the cross-legged Crusader with his hound at his feet, to the two mediæval spouses, kneeling, headless, side by side, and behind each a long train of offspring ; and then on through many generations to the last one—Mr. Oldham's father, over whom a very ugly angel, leaning on a draperied arm, kept watch and ward. Mrs. Scanlan often amused herself with making out the inscriptions, old English or Latin,—she had taught herself Latin, to teach her boys. These epitaphs were touching memorials of a family which, though not exactly noble, had been evidently honourable and honoured to the last. Necessarily so, or it could not have kept itself so long afloat on the deep sea of oblivion ; for it is astonishing how quickly a race which has in it the elements of degradation and decay can dwindle down from nobility to obscurity.

As she pondered over these relics of an extinct but not degenerate race, Josephine felt stirring strangely in her the blood of the old De Bougainvilles. The desire to found, or to revive, a family ; to live again after death in our unknown descendants ; to plan for them, toil for them, and bequeath to them the fruit of our toils—a passion for which many men have sacrificed so much—came into this woman's heart with a force such as few men could understand, because thereto was added

the instinct of motherhood. Her ambition—for, as I have said, she was ambitious,—quenched inevitably as regarded the present, passed on to the days when, she and their father sleeping in peace together, her children should succeed to those possessions which she herself could never fully enjoy. Especially she used to dream of the time when César, reigning in her stead, should be master of Oldham Court.

"Yes," she thought, "my son"—she usually called her eldest boy "my son"—"must marry early : he will be able to afford it. And he must choose some girl after my own heart, to whom I will be such a good mother-in-law. And oh ! how proud I shall be of the third generation !"

Thus planned she—thus dreamed she : looking far into the future, with stone-blind eyes, as we all of us look. Still, I think it made her happy—happier than she had been for many years.

One little cloud, however, soon rose on her bright horizon : strangely bright now, for in the sudden novelty of things, in the great relief and ease of his present lot, and in his power of getting every luxury he wished for, even Mr. Scanlan seemed to have taken a new turn, and to give his wife no trouble whatever. He was actually contented ! He ceased to find fault with anything, became amenable to reason, and absolutely affectionate. His good angel—who, I suppose, never quite deserts any man—stood behind him, shaking ambrosial odours over him, and consequently over the whole family, for at least three months after their change of fortune.

And then the little cloud arose. The three Misses Scanlan, now requiring to be educated up to the level of the county families, amongst whose young ladies they would have to take their place, were put under a first-rate governess, who had, necessarily, a rather forcing system. It worked well with Gabrielle and Catherine—clever, handsome, healthy creatures, who learnt wholesomely and fast ; but with Adrienne, now nearly old enough to enter society, the case was altogether different.

Alas, poor Adrienne! she would never be a show daughter to introduce into the world. She was neither a bright girl nor a pretty girl; nay, her appearance was almost worse than insignificant, for her poor weak spine had grown a little awry, and stooping over her studies made it much worse. Already she required to have her figure padded and disguised in various ingenious ways, which took all her mother's French skill to devise; and already her gentle pale face had that sad look peculiar to deformed people.

Of that she herself was painfully conscious. Beside her mother's stately dignity, and her sister Gabrielle's reed-like grace, she knew well how ill she looked, and this made her shy and shrinking from society. Other things, which she was only too quick to find out, added to this feeling.

"I can't imagine why you are always wanting Adrienne in the drawing-room," her father would say, not always out of the girl's hearing. "She does not care to come, and really she is not very ornamental. Keep her in the shade—by all means keep her in the shade."

And into the shade Adrienne instinctively retired, even from the first day she set foot in Oldham Court, especially when there happened to be visitors—a circumstance that occurred seldom enough,—which much surprised and displeased Mr. Scanlan.

"Of course everybody will call upon us—all the county families, I mean," he kept saying; and impressed upon his wife that at certain hours every day she was to sit prepared for their reception. Indeed, he was always laying down the law of etiquette for her in minute things, and telling her that she did not properly recognise her position. "For, my dear, you have been so long out of the world—if, indeed, you were ever fairly in it—that you cannot be expected to understand the ways of society as I do."

"Possibly not," she would answer, half amused, yet with a lurking sarcasm in her smile. But she obeyed, for it really was not worth her while to disobey.

She never cared to quarrel over small things.

Visitors came: only, alas! they were principally Ditchley people, driving over in hired flies and pony-chaises; not a single carriage and pair had as yet passed under the Gothic gateway. Nevertheless, Mrs. Scanlan welcomed her guests with all sorts of kindly attentions.

"Why should I not?" said she, when her husband remonstrated; "they were friendly to me when I was poor. Besides, they are all worthy people, and I like them."

"Which are not sufficient reasons for cultivating them, and I desire that they may not be cultivated any more than you can help," said Mr. Scanlan, with the slightly dictatorial tone which he sometimes used now.

Josephine flushed up, but made no answer. Indeed, she rarely did make answers now to things of which she disapproved. It was astonishing how little of actual conversation—the rational, pleasant, and improving talk which even husbands and wives can sometimes find time to indulge in, and which makes the quietest life a continual entertainment—passed between this husband and wife, who had been married so many years.

Just when his eager expectation of visitors—suitable visitors—had changed into angry surprise that they never came, Mr. Scanlan entered the house one day in eager excitement. He had met on the road the two young sons of his nearest neighbour, the Earl of Turberville, coming to call, they said, and ask permission to shoot over his preserves.

"I should have invited them to lunch, but I feared you would not have it nice enough; however, they have promised to come to-morrow—both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles. So be sure, Josephine, that you have everything in apple-pie order, and dress yourself elegantly" (he still, when excited, pronounced it "illegantly"). "For who knows but the Earl and Countess themselves might come. Lord Cosmo said he knew his father had something very particular to say to me."

And for the next twenty-four hours poor Mr. Scanlan was in a perpetual fidget, worrying his butler and footman; till they civilly hinted that they had always lived in high families, and knew their own business; and especially worrying his wife, who did not participate in this idolatrous worship of rank and title, which had always been a strong characteristic of the Irish curate. Long before luncheon time, he insisted upon her taking her seat in the drawing-room: dressed—with elegance, certainly—though with not half the splendour he desired.

"Ah!" said he, sighing; "you may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. I fear, Josephine, I shall never succeed in raising you to the level of your present position. I give you up!"

The hour arrived, but not the guests; and, after waiting till three o'clock, Mrs. Scanlan insisted on going into luncheon. She had scarcely taken her place there when the two lads entered—rather roughly clad and roughly behaved lads, anything but young lords, apparently, until they caught sight of the lady at the head of the table. Then, their instinctive good breeding told them that they had been guilty of a discourtesy and a mistake. They were full of apologies, Lord Cosmo especially, for being so unwarrantably late; but they gave no reason for their tardiness, and neither made a single excuse for the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess; indeed, seemed not to have an idea that these latter were expected. Nor did Josephine refer to the fact, being long accustomed to her husband's great powers of imagination.

She rather liked the youths, who were fresh from Eton—pleasant, gentlemanly fellows; and conversation soon became easy and general. Lord Cosmo tried in various quiet ways to find out who Mrs. Scanlan was, and how she came to inherit Oldham Court. At last he put the question whether she was not distantly related to Mr. Oldham; and when his curiosity gained only a brief No, he covered his confusion by

darting into a long explanation of how the Oldhams and Turbervilles were the two most ancient families in the county, and had gone on quarrelling, intermarrying, and quarrelling again, ever since William the Conqueror.

"They were Saxons and we Normans, so we could not help fighting, you know."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Scanlan, and turned the conversation by some unimportant remark; but Mr. Scanlan brought it back eagerly.

"My wife also is of Norman descent. She comes of the Vicomtes de Bougainville—a very old and honourable family."

"Oh!" replied the young man; and added, with a slight bow, "*Cela va sans dire.*"

"What was that your lordship said?" inquired the host, eagerly; but the hostess, with a hot cheek—alas! her cheeks burnt very often during that afternoon—stopped the answer by inquiring if Lord Cosmo had ever been in France, and so leading the talk widely astray from herself and her ancestors.

Calm as she sat—looking, in her fine Gothic dining-hall, like a mediæval picture—she sat, nevertheless, upon thorns the whole time. For it was the first time for many years that she had seen her husband as he appeared in general society, and the sight was not agreeable. The court suit of prosperity is only becoming to courtly figures. Many a man, decent enough in common broadcloth, when dressed up in velvet and point lace, looks painfully like a footman. Corporeally—or I should say sartorially—fate had denied Mr. Scanlan the pleasure of wearing bright colours; "Once a clergyman, always a clergyman" being, unfortunately, English law. But in his manners he assumed a costume of startling vividness and variety. "All things to all men," was his maxim, and he carried it out with great unction; appearing by turns as the gentleman of fashion, of wealth, and of family; never knowing exactly which character to assume, for all were equally assumptions, and equally unfamiliar. The simple plan of avoiding all difficulties, by being always one's

own honest self, did not occur to this ingenious Irishman.

He could not help it—it was his nature. But it was none the less painful to those belonging to him. People tell of the penitential horsehair which lovely women have worn under their velvet and minever, cambric and lawn. I think I could tell of one woman who knew what it was to wear it too.

When the guests and Mr. Scanlan had quitted the drawing-room, Adrienne crept in there, and her mother, who was standing at the window watching the shadows come and go over the hill-sides, wistfully—as we look at a view that we hope to watch unchanged until we die—felt her daughter take her hand. She turned round immediately.

“My little girl!” stroking her hair—Adrienne had very pretty hair; Bridget often used to speak of it with sad pride—“My little girl, I wonder if you will ever be married! I almost hope not.” Then she added, quickly, “Because I should miss you so; and, besides, women can live quite happily without ever being married.”

“I know they can; above all when they have got such a dear mother to live for as mine,” said Adrienne, tenderly, but turning rosy-red as she spoke; so that Mrs. Scanlan, a little surprised at the child’s sensitiveness, changed the conversation immediately. She even repented having alluded to a subject upon which Adrienne could as yet only have theorised. Though she was nearly seventeen, she was still very childish; and she had scarcely spoken to a young man in her life. Except Mr. Summerhayes, who, compared with her, was not a young man at all.

This Mr. Summerhayes, the great bugbear of Josephine’s married life, had apparently quite disappeared from her horizon. Among the congratulatory letters which had reached them of late, was one from him; but Mr. Scanlan had read it and put it in the fire, and “wondered how the fellow could presume,” so no more was said upon the matter. She learnt accidentally that the artist was living from hand to mouth

at Rome, or some other Italian city, so she had no fear that, in their present circumstances, he would be any longer a snare to her husband. Nay, she felt a little sorry for him, scamp as he was—remembering all his amusing ways at Wren’s Nest, when they were as poor as he was now. In the almost preternatural calm which brooded over her life now—at least, her external life—she could afford to be pitiful, even to a poor scoundrel.

Mr. Scanlan came back in the highest spirits, having seen his guests away on their horses, and exhibited his own, which were far finer animals.

“And they owned it, too—both Lord Cosmo and Lord Charles, and wished they had as good; but the Earl is as poor as a rat, everybody knows. Exceedingly nice young fellows, their lordships are! and I hope we shall see a great deal of them. You must be sure to be at home, Josephine, when the Countess calls. These are the sort of friends that we ought to make. Not your horrid, common-place, Ditchley people; who were well enough once, but don’t suit us now, and will suit us less and less, I prophesy. Ha—ha—my dear, you don’t know what I know. How should you like me to get a handle to my name? What do you say to being called ‘My lady?’”

He took his wife round the waist and kissed her with considerable excitement.

“Edward,” she answered, in her quietest and gentlest tone, “sit down here and tell me what you mean.”

With difficulty, and at first entire incredulity, she got out of him something which, though it seemed to her too ridiculous seriously to believe, was yet a possibility; and a note, or memorandum, which her husband showed her, which at the last minute had been given him by Lord Cosmo, confirmed it as a possibility. Lord Turberville, though very poor, was a keen politician, and deeply in the confidence of the Government, to whom, as well as to himself, it was necessary to secure the influence of the large landowners of the county.

Among these, almost the largest was the owner of the Oldham Court estates. His lordship had, therefore, concocted a scheme for selecting Mr. Scanlan as the most suitable person to go up to London, as head of a deputation to present an address on a certain expected Royal event—I am intentionally obscure as to what that event was—the presenters of which address generally received the honour of knighthood. It was a “job,” of course; but not worse than hundreds of political jobs which are perpetrated every day in our free and independent country: and Mr. Scanlan was delighted with the idea, nor in the least astonished that such a tribute should be paid to his own exceeding merit.

“And what shall I answer the Earl?” said he, when he had expended his raptures on the advantages in store for him.

“Have you answered?” his wife asked, with a keen look.

“Well—to tell the truth—as I never imagined you would be so foolish as to object to the thing, I sent word to Lord Turberville——”

“Yes, yes—I understand. You have answered. Then why go through the form of consulting me on the subject?”

It was one of his small shams, his petty cowardlinesses, which so irritated this woman, who would any day rather have been struck on the cheek openly, than secretly stung to the heart. But it had to be borne, and it was borne. As to the thing itself—the question as to whether or not she should be called “my lady”—she did not, in truth, care two straws about it. I think she would have been proud, exceedingly proud, had her husband earned a title in some noble way; but in this way—for she saw through the mysteries of the matter at once—it affected her in no possible degree.

“Do as you like,” she said. “It is much the same to me whether I am Mrs. or Lady Scanlan.”

“Scanlan! ah, that is the nuisance! Ours is such a horrid common name. If Mr. Oldham had only given us his own—Lord Cosmo expressed surprise

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that he did not. Don’t you think, Josephine, we could assume it?”

Josephine regarded her husband with unfeigned astonishment. “No; certainly not. If he had wished it, he would certainly have said so. Besides, to give up your own name—your father’s name——”

“Oh—but the old man is dead; he’ll never know it. And what did we care enough for my father is different for me. I have risen in the world; and who cares for my antecedents? Indeed, the less we speak of them the better.”

“Do you think so?” said Josephine once more. And there flashed upon her the remembrance of the kind old woman—certainly not a lady, but a true, kind woman, whose grandmotherly arms had received her own first-born babe; and of the old man, who, common and vulgar as he was, had yet a heart, for it had broken with grief at having reduced to poverty his wife and only son. These two in their lifetime Josephine had not loved much; had only put up with them for the sake of her Edward; but she recalled them affectionately now. And even for herself—the years she had borne the name, through weal and woe; alas! more woe than weal—seemed to consecrate it in her eyes. “No,” she continued after a pause, “do not let us change our name: I could never fancy myself anything but Mrs. Scanlan.”

“Josephine! how can you be so stupid?” said her husband irritably. “I hope I am at least as wise as you, and this seems to me an excellent scheme. In fact,” added he, folding his hands and casting up his eyes—those effective black eyes which did no pulpit-duty now—“I think that to let it go would be to fail in my gratitude to Providence, and lose an opportunity of distinguishing myself in that sphere of life to which, as our noble Catechism says, it has pleased God to call me. For I am comparatively a young man still; much under fifty, you know, and I may live to seventy, as my father did. And your father, was he not seventy-four or seventy-five? By the bye”——and

he started up, struck with an idea so sudden and brilliant that he could not keep it to himself one moment. "Since you so strongly object to our taking this name of Oldham, what say you, my darling wife, to our taking one that actually does belong to us—at least to you? Suppose we were to call ourselves by your maiden name, De Bougainville?"

Josephine turned pale as death. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still a moment, and then rushed on in a frantic tide. She tried to speak, but her throat contracted with a sort of spasm.

"Wait. It is so sudden. Let me think." And she sat down, a little apart, with her hand over her eyes. These never sought her husband's; they never did now, either for help, counsel, or sympathy; she knew it would be only vain, seeking for what one cannot hope to find. All she did was to sit in silence, listening, as to the noise of a stream of water, to the flow of his voluminous talk. It harmed her not; she scarcely heard it.

But Mr. Scanlan's sudden suggestion had as suddenly and powerfully affected her. There was in Josephine a something—hitherto conscientiously and sternly suppressed—which her husband never dreamed of; the strong "aristocratic" feeling. Not in his sense—the cringing worship of a mere title—but the prejudice in favour of whatever is highest and best, in birth, breeding, and manner of life. Though she never spoke of it, her pride in these things, so far as she herself possessed them, was extreme. The last of the De Bougainvilles cherished her name and family with a tenderness all the fonder because it was like love for the dead; the glory of the race had departed. To revive it—to transmit to her children, and through them to distant descendants, not merely the blood, but the name—was a pleasure so keen that it thrilled her almost like pain.

"Well, Josephine? Bless me—how you start! You quite frightened me. Well; and what do you say, my dear?"

"Don't tempt me!" she answered, with a half-hysterical laugh. "As Bridget says, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' If once I begin thinking of such a thing—of seeing my boy César another César de Bougainville—there were six generations of them, all named César, and all honest, honourable men; my father was the last. Ah, mon Dieu! mon père—mon père!" She burst into tears.

Mr. Scanlan was a little discomposed, almost displeased; but, not being a sensitive man, or quick to divine motives, he set down his wife's extraordinary emotion to the excitement of possibly becoming "my lady," to say nothing of "Lady de Bougainville," which was such a charmingly "genteel" name. He patted her on the back, and bade her "take things easily, she would get used to them in time:" and then, as he especially disliked anything like a scene, he called Adrienne to attend to her mother, and took himself off immediately.

And his wife?

She had no one to speak to, no one to take counsel of. Unless her little daughter—who, sitting at the further end of the room, whither Adrienne usually crept when her father appeared, had heard all—might be called a counsellor. The girl, so simple in some things, was in others much wiser than her years—eldest daughters of sorely-tried women often are. Adrienne, being called, said a few wise words which influenced her mother more than at the time either were aware of. And she told a few things which her brothers had in confidence told to her—how Louis and Martin, in their grand school "for noblemen and gentlemen," were taunted perpetually about the "Scanlan & Co." porter bottles; and even César, fine young fellow as he was, found that, until he had established his character as a reading man, so that nobody asked who his father was, all his wealth failed to be a sufficient passport into the best Oxford society. In short, the family were suffering under the inevitable difficulties of *nouveaux riches*, which of

course they would live down in time—but still it would take time. To shorten this—especially for the boys, who were of an age to feel such difficulties acutely—would be advisable if possible. And it was possible that things might be easier for the three lads, just entering the world, if they entered it as the sons of Sir Edward and Lady de Bougainville.

Weak reasoning, perhaps! It would have been stronger and braver to hold fast to the paternal name, ennobling and beautifying it by such tender fidelity. And so doubtless would have been done, by both wife and children, had the father been a different sort of father. But—as I have oftentimes repeated—life is not unlevel, and in it people usually get what they earn. In this family as in most others, things were—as they were, and nothing could make them otherwise.

When the mother and daughter went downstairs to dinner, the matter was quite decided.

"Papa," said Adrienne, mustering up a strange courage, for she saw her mother was hardly able to speak, and going straight up to her father as he stood on the hearthrug, with a slightly ill-used and dignified air. "Papa, Mamma has told me everything, and I am so glad. I hope all will come about as you wish. How nice it will be to hear you called 'Sir Edward!' And just look at Mamma, in that new dress of hers—she put it on to-night to please you—will she not make a beautiful Lady de Bougainville?"

CHAPTER XV.

It was all settled at last, though after much delay, and very considerable expense. One fine morning the *Times* newspaper announced, in advertisement, to all the world, that "the Reverend Edward Scanlan of Oldham Court meant thenceforward, in memory of his wife's father, the late Vicomte de Bougainville" (he inserted this paragraph himself, and Josephine first saw it in print when remonstrance was idle), "to

assume, instead of his own, the name and arms of De Bougainville." These last he had already obtained with much trouble and cost, and affixed them upon every available article within and without the house, from letter-paper and carriage panels down to dinner-plates and hall chairs. His wife did not interfere: these were after all only outside things.

But when she saw, for the first time, her new-old name on the address of a letter, and had to sign once again, after this long interval of years—"Josephine de Bougainville"—the same sudden constriction of heart seized her. It seemed as if her youth were returned again, but in a strange ghostly fashion, and with one vital difference between the old days and the new: then her future lay all in herself, all in this visible world;—now—Did she, who had long ceased to think of herself and her own personal happiness, ever look forward to the world invisible?

I have said, Josephine was not exactly a religious woman. The circumstances of her married life had not been likely to make her such. But we cannot, at least some people cannot, live wholly without God in the world. Sometimes, in her long leisure hours among the old tombs, or still oftener in the lovely country around Oldham Court, where she wandered at her will, feeling thankful that her lines had fallen in pleasant places—the longing for God, the seeking after Him, though in a blind heathen sort of way, came into her heart and made it calmer and less desolate. Pure it always was, and the love of her children kept it warm. But still it needed the great ploughshare of affliction—solemn sacred affliction, coming direct from God, not man—to go over it, so as to make the ground fit for late harvest, all the richer and lovelier because it was so late. As yet, under that composed manner of hers, sedulously as she did her duties, complaining of nothing, and enjoying everything as much as she could—for it seemed to her absolutely a duty to enjoy—she was nevertheless conscious of the perpetual feeling of "a stone in her heart." Not a fire, as once

used to be, an ever-smouldering sense of hot indignation, apprehension, or wrong; but a stone—a cold dead weight that never went away.

Dr. Waters had given her two permanent private advices respecting her husband: to keep him from all agitation, and never to let him be alone for many hours at a time. To carry out this without his discovering it, or the necessity for it, was the principal business of her life, and a difficult task too, requiring all her patience and all her ingenuity. Mr. Scanlan—I beg his pardon, Mr. de Bougainville—was exceedingly well now; and, with care, might remain so for many years. Still the solemn cloud hung over him; which he saw not, and never must be allowed to see, or his weak nature would have succumbed at once. But to his wife it was visible perpetually; levelling alike all her pleasures and all her pains; teaching her unlimited forbearance with him, and yet a power of opposing him, when his own good required it, which was almost remorseless in its strength. As the wifely love departed, the motherly pity, as of a woman over a sick or foolish child, which she has to guard with restrictions that almost look like cruelty and yet are its only safety,—rose up in that poor seared heart, which sometimes she could hardly believe was the heart of the girl Josephine de Bougainville. It would have broken long ago, only it was a strong heart, and it was that of the mother of six children.

She was sitting one day in the oriel window of the drawing-room, writing to her boys at school, when her husband rushed in and kissed her in one of his bursts of demonstrative affection.

"Give you joy, give you joy, my lady. You'll be my lady this time next week. I have just heard from Lord Turberville. The address is quite settled at last, and the deputation, with myself at its head, starts to-morrow for London."

"To-morrow! That is soon, but I daresay I can manage to get ready," said Mrs. de Bougainville with a smile.

"You!" her husband replied, and his countenance fell at once; "my dear

Josephine, there is not the slightest necessity for *your* going."

"But I should like to go. I want to be with you; it is surely not an unnatural wish;" and then she stopped, with a horrid consciousness of hypocrisy. For she knew in her heart she would much rather have been left at home with her children. But, with Dr. Waters' warning ringing in her ears, there was no alternative. She must go with her husband; and once more she said this.

Mr. de Bougainville looked extremely disconcerted, but the wholesome awe he had of his wife and his real affection for her, though it was little deeper than that of the tame animal which licks the hand that feeds it and makes it physically comfortable, kept his arrogance within bounds.

"I am sure, my dear Josephine, nothing is more natural than for you to wish to be with me, and I should be very glad of your company. But you dislike London life so much, and I shall have a great deal to do and much high society to mix in, and you do not like high society. Really you had better stay at home."

"I cannot stay at home," she said, and putting aside all wounded feeling she looked up in his face, which happened to be particularly sickly that day, and saw only the creature she had charge of, whose whole well-being, moral and physical, depended upon her care. It was a total and melancholy reversal of the natural order of things between husband and wife; but Providence had made it so, and how could she gainsay it? She had only to bear it.

"Edward," she entreated—it was actual entreaty, so sharp was her necessity—"take me with you. I will be no burthen to you, and I do so want to go."

He made no resistance, it was too much trouble; but saying with a vexed air, "Well, do as you like, you always do," quitted the room at once.

Doing as she liked! I wonder how many years it was since Josephine enjoyed that enviable privilege or luxury,

if indeed to any human being it long continues to be either. As her husband slammed the door, she sighed,—one long pent-up, forlorn, passionate sigh : then rose, and set about her preparations for departure.

She left her eldest daughter a delighted queen-regent at Oldham Court, with Bridget as prime minister, promising to be home again as soon as she could. "And remember you'll come back 'my lady,'" whispered Bridget, who of course knew everything. She had a dim impression that this and all other worldly advantages had accrued solely through the merits of her beloved mistress : and was proud of them accordingly.

Her mistress made no answer. Possibly, she thought that to be the wife of some honest, poor man, who earned his bread by the labour of his brains or the sweat of his brow ; earned it hardly but cheerfully ; denied himself, but took tender protecting care of his wife and children ; told the truth, paid his debts, and kept his honour unblemished in the face of God and man,—was at least as happy a lot as that of Lady de Bougainville.

The husband and wife started on their journey : actually their first journey together since their honeymoon ! Traveling *en prince*, with valet and maid and a goodly array of luggage, which greatly delighted Mr. de Bougainville. Especially when they had to pass through Ditchley, where he had never been since they left the place, nor had she. She wanted to stop at Priscilla Nunn's, but found the shop closed, the good woman having given up business and gone abroad.

"A good thing too, and then people will forget her ; and forget that you ever demeaned yourself by being a common sempstress. I wonder, Josephine, you were ever so silly as to do such a thing."

"Do you ?" said she, remembering something else which he little suspected she had been on the very brink of doing, which she was now thankful she had not done ; that almost by miracle

Providence had stood in her way and hindered her. Now, sweeping along in her carriage and pair, she recalled that forlorn, desperate woman who had hurried through the dark streets one rainy night, to Priscilla Nunn's shop door, bent on a purpose, which she could not even now conscientiously say was a sinful purpose, though Heaven had saved her from completing it. As she looked down on the face by her side, which no prosperity could ever change into either a healthy or a happy face, Josephine said to herself for the twentieth time, "Yes ; I am glad I did not forsake him. I never will forsake him—my poor husband !"

Not my dear, my honoured—only my "poor" husband. But to such a woman this was enough.

Their journey might have been bright as the May morning itself, but there was always some crumpled rose-leaf in the daily couch of Mr. de Bougainville. This time it was the non-appearance of the Earl and Countess of Turberville, with whom he said he had arranged to travel. True, he had never seen either of them, nor had his wife ; the inhabitants of Turberville Hall and Oldham Court having merely exchanged calls, both missing one another, and there the acquaintance ended. Apparently, Mr. de Bougainville asserted, his lordship's delicacy prevented his coming too prominently forward in this affair at present, but when once the knighthood was bestowed it would be all right. And he was sure, from something Lord Cosmo said, that the Earl wished to travel with him to London, starting from this station.

So he went about seeking him, or somebody like what he supposed an earl to be, but in vain ; and at last had to drop suddenly into a carriage where were only a little old lady and gentleman, to whom, at first sight, he took a strong antipathy, as he often did to plain or shabbily-dressed persons. This couple having none of the shows of wealth about them, must, he thought, be quite common people : and he treated them accordingly.

It is a bad thing to fall in love at first sight with your fellow-passengers—in railway carriages or elsewhere ; but to hate them at first sight is sometimes equally dangerous. Josephine tried vainly to soften matters, for she had always a tender side to elderly people, and this couple seemed very inoffensive, nay, rather pleasant people, the old lady having a shrewd kind face, and the old gentleman very courteous manners. But Mr. de Bougainville was barely civil to them : and even made *sotto voce* remarks concerning them for a great part of the journey. Till, reaching the London terminus, he was utterly confounded by seeing the guard of the train—a Ditchley man—rush up to the carriage door with an officious "Let me help you, my lord," and a few minutes after, picking up a book the old lady had left behind her, he read on it the name of the Countess of Turberville.

Poor Mr. de Bougainville ! Like one of those short-sighted mortals who walk with angels unawares, he had been travelling for the last three hours with the very persons whose acquaintance he most wished to cultivate, and had behaved himself in such a manner as, it was plain to be seen, would not induce them to reciprocate this feeling. No wonder the catastrophe quite upset him.

"If I had had the least idea who they were !—and it was very stupid of you, Josephine, not to find out ; you were talking to her ladyship for ever so long. If I had only known it was his lordship, I would have introduced myself at once. At any rate I should have treated him quite differently. How very unfortunate !"

"Very," said Mrs. de Bougainville, drily.

She said no more, for she was much tired, and the noise of the London streets confused her. They had taken a suite of apartments in one of the most public and fashionable "family" hotels—it had a homeless, dreary splendour, and she disliked it much. But her husband considered no other abode suitable for Sir Edward and Lady de

Bougainville ;—which personages, in a few days, they became, and received the congratulations, not too disinterested, of all the hotel servants, and even of the master himself, who had learnt the circumstance, together with almost fabulous reports of the wealth of Sir Edward in his own county.

Nevertheless, even the most important provincial magnate is a very small person in London. Beyond the deputation which accompanied him, Sir Edward had no visitors at all. He knew nobody, and nobody knew him : that is, nobody of any consequence. One or two of the Summerhayes set hunted him out, but he turned a cold shoulder to them ; they were not reputable acquaintances now. And as for his other circle of ancient allies, though it was the season of the May meetings, and he might easily have found them out, he was so terribly afraid of reviving any memories of the poor Irish curate, and of identifying himself again with the party to which he had formerly belonged, that he got out of their way as much as possible. *Honores mutant mores*, it is said : they certainly change opinions. That very peculiarity of the Low Church—at least of its best and sincerest members—which makes them take up and associate with any one, rich or poor, patrician or plebeian, who shares their opinions—this noble characteristic, which has resulted in so much practical good, and earned for them worthily their name of Evangelicals, was in his changed circumstances the very last thing palatable to the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville.

So he ignored them all, and the "Reverend" too, as much as he could ; and turned his whole aspirations to politics and the Earl of Turberville—to whom, haunting as he did the lobby of the House of Commons, he was at last introduced, and from whom he obtained various slight condescensions, of which he boasted much.

But the Countess never called ; and day by day the hope of the De Bougainvilles being introduced into high society through her means melted into thin air.

Long weary mornings in the hotel drawing-room, thrown entirely upon each other, as they had not been for years; dull afternoon drives side by side round Hyde Park; dinner spun out to the utmost limit of possible time, and then perhaps a theatre or opera—for Sir Edward had no objection to such mundane dissipations now:—these made up the round of the days. But still he refused to leave London, or “bury himself,” as he expressed it, at Oldham Court, and thought it very hard that his wife should expect it. One of the painful things to her in this London visit was the indifference her husband showed to her society, and his eagerness to escape from it; which fact is not difficult to understand. I, who knew her only in her old age, can guess well enough how the small soul must have been encumbered, shamed, and oppressed even to irritation by the greater one. Many a woman has been blamed for being “too good” for a bad husband; too pure, too sternly righteous; but I for one am inclined to think these allegations come from the meaner half of the world. Lady de Bougainville had a very high standard of moral right, an intense pity for those who fell from it, but an utter contempt for those who pretended to it without practising it. And to such she was probably as obnoxious as Abdiel to Lucifer. And so she became shortly to a set of people who, failing better society, gathered round her husband, cultivating him in coffee-rooms and theatres: new friends, new flatterers, and those “old acquaintance” who always revive, like frozen snakes, in the summer of prosperity, and begin winding about the unfortunate man of property with that oily affection which cynics have well termed “the gratitude for favours about to be received.” These Lady de Bougainville saw through at once; they felt that she did, and hated her accordingly. But have we not sacred warrant for the consolation, that it is sometimes rather a good thing to be hated—by some people?

Longing, nay, thirsting for home, Josephine implored her husband to take

her back thither; and he consented, not for this reason, but because their weekly expenses were so large as to frighten him. For it was a curious thing, and yet not contrary to human nature, that as he grew rich he grew miserly. The money which, when he had it not, he would have spent like water, now, when he had it, he often grudged, especially in small expenditures and in outlays for the sake of other people. His “stingy” wife was, strange to say, now becoming much more extravagant than he.

“Yes, we’ll go home, or I shall be ruined. People are all rogues and thieves, and the richer they believe a man to be, the more they plunder him.” And he would have departed the very next day, but for an unexpected hindrance.

Lady Turberville actually called!—that is, they found her card lying on the table, and with it an invitation to a large assembly which she was in the habit of giving once in the season;—thereby paying off her own social and her husband’s political debts. It was a fortnight distant, and Josephine would fain have declined, but her husband looked horrified.

“Refuse! Refuse the Countess! What can you be thinking of? Why, hers is just the set in which we ought to move, where I am sure to be properly appreciated. You too, my dear, when people find out that you come of good family; if you would only get over your country ways, and learn to shine in society.”

Josephine smiled, and there came again to her lips the bitter warning, which she knew was safe not to be comprehended, “Let sleeping dogs lie.” For lately, thrust against her will into this busy, brilliant, strong, intellectual life—such as everybody must see more or less in London—there had arisen in her a dim, dormant sense of what she was—a woman with eyes to see, brains to judge, and a heart to comprehend it. Also, what she might have been, and how much she might have done, both of herself and by means of her large

fortune, if she had been unmarried, or married to a different sort of man. She felt dawning sometimes a wild womanly ambition, or rather the foreshadowing of what under other circumstances that ambition might have been,—as passionate, as tender, as that which she thought she perceived one night in the eyes of a great statesman's wife listening to her husband speaking in the House of Commons. Even as she, Josephine de Bougainville, could have listened, she knew,—had Heaven sent her such a man.

But these were wild wicked thoughts. She pressed them down, and turned her attention to other things, especially to the new fashionable costume in which her husband insisted she was to commence "shining in society."

When, on the momentous night, Sir Edward handed his wife, rather ostentatiously, through the knot of idlers in the hotel lobby, he declared with truth that she looked "beautiful." So she did, with the beauty which is independent of mere youth. She had made the best of her beauty too, as, when nigh upon forty, every woman is bound to take extra pains in doing. In defiance of the court milliner, she had insisted upon veiling her faded neck and arms with rich lace, and giving stateliness to her tall thin figure by sweeping folds of black velvet. Also, instead of foolish artificial flowers in her grey hair, she wore a sort of head-dress, simple yet regal, which made her look, as her maid declared, "like a picture." She did not try to be young: she could not help being beautiful.

Enchanted with her appearance, her husband called her exuberantly "his jewel;" which no doubt she was; only he had no wish, like the tender Scotch lover, to "wear her in his bosom"—he would much have preferred to plant her in his cap-front, in a gorgeous setting, for all the world to gaze at. Her value to him was not in herself, but what she appeared to other people.

Therefore, when he saw her contrasted with the brilliant crowd which straggled up the staircase of Turberville House,

his enthusiastic admiration of her a little cooled down.

"How dark you look in that black gown! There's something not right about you, not like these other ladies. I see what it is; you dress yourself in far too old-fashioned and too plain a way. Very provoking! when I wanted you to appear your best before her ladyship."

"She will never see me in this crowd," was all Josephine answered, or had time to answer, being drifted apart from her husband, who darted after a face he thought he knew.

In the pause, while, half-amused, half-bewildered, she looked on at this her first specimen of what Sir Edward called "society," Lady de Bougainville heard accidentally a few comments on Sir Edward from two young men, who apparently recognised him, but, naturally, not her.

"That man is a fool—a perfect fool. And such a conceited fool too!—you should hear him in the lobby of the House, chattering about his friend the Earl, to whom he thinks himself of such importance. Who is he—do you know?"

"Oh, a country squire, just knighted. Not a bad fellow, Lord Cosmo says, very rich, and with such a charming wife! Might do well enough among his familiar turnips, but here? Why will he make himself such an ass!"

To be half conscious of a truth oneself, and to hear it broadly stated by other people, are two very different things. Josephine shrank back, feeling for the moment as if whipped with nettles; till she remembered they were only nettles, not swords. No moral delinquency had been cast up against her husband; and for the rest, what did it matter?—she knew it all before: and, in spite of her fine French sense of *comme il faut*, and her pure high breeding, she had learnt to put up with it. She could do so still.

Pushing with difficulty through the throng, she rejoined Sir Edward. "Keep close to me," she said. "Don't leave me again, pray."

"Very well, my dear; but—Ah! there are two friends of mine!" And in his impulsive way he introduced to her at once the very young men who had been speaking of him.

Lady de Bougainville bowed, looking them both right in the face with those stern unflinching eyes of hers; and, young men of fashion as they were, they both blushed scarlet. Then, putting her arm through her husband's, she walked deliberately on, carrying her head very erect, to the select circle where, glittering under a blaze of ancestral diamonds, and scarcely recognisable as the old lady who had travelled in such quiet, almost shabby simplicity, stood the little, brown, withered, but still courtly and dignified Countess of Turberville.

"Stop," whispered Sir Edward, in unwonted timidity. "It is so very—very awkward. I do hope her ladyship has forgotten. Must I apologize? What in the world am I to say to her! Josephine, do stop one minute."—Josephine obeyed.

And here let me too pause, lest I might be misconstrued in the picture which I draw—I own in not too flattering colours—of Sir Edward de Bougainville.

It was not his low origin, not the shadow of the Scanlan porter-bottles, which made him what he was. I have known gentlemen whose fathers were ploughmen—nay, the truest gentleman I ever knew was the son of a working mechanic. And I have seen boors, who had titles, and who, in spite of the noble lineage of centuries, were boors still. What made this man vulgar was the innate coarseness of his nature, lacquered over with superficial refinement. He was, in fact, that which, in all ranks of life, is the very opposite of a gentleman—a sham. I do not love him, but I will not be unfair to him; and if I hold him up to contempt, I wish it clearly to be understood what are the things I despise him for.

Did his wife despise him? How can one tell? We often meet men and their wives, concerning whom we ask of ourselves the same question, and wonder

how they ever came to be united; yet the wives move in society with smiling countenances, and perform unshrinkingly their various duties, as Lady de Bougainville performed hers.

"Shall we go on now?" she said, and led her husband forward to the dreadful ordeal. But it passed over quite harmlessly—rather worse than harmlessly; for the Countess merely bowed, smiling upon them as upon all her other guests, and apparently scarcely recognising them, in that dense, ever-moving throng. They went on with it, and never saw their hostess again all the evening. The sole reward they gained for three hours of pushing and scrambling, heated rooms and an infinitesimal quantity of refreshment, was the pleasure of seeing their names in the paper next day among the Countess of Turberville's four hundred invited guests.

This was Lady de Bougainville's first and last experience of "shining in society"—that is, London society, which alone Sir Edward thought worth everything. He paid for it with several days of illness, brought on by the heat and excitement, and perhaps the disappointment too, though to the latter he never owned. After that he was glad enough to go home.

Oh, how Josephine's heart leaped when she saw, nestling among the green hills, the grey outline of Oldham Court! She had, more than any one I ever knew, the quality of adhesiveness, not only to persons but places. She had loved Wren's Nest, though her husband's incessant schemes for quitting it, and her own constant terror for the future, made her never feel settled there; but Oldham Court, besides being her ideal of a house to live in, was her own house, her home, from which fate now seemed powerless to uproot her. She clung to it, as, had she been one of those happy wives who carry their home about with them, she never might have clung; but things being as they were, it was well she did do so—well that she could accept what she had, and rejoice in it, without craving for the impossible.

After their return, she had a wonder-

fully quiet and happy summer. Her children came about her, from school and college, enjoying their holidays the more for the hard work between. And her husband found something to do, something to amuse himself with; he was appointed a magistrate for the county, and devoted himself, with all his Irish eagerness after novelty, to the administration of justice upon all offenders. Being not only a magistrate but a clergyman, he considered himself bound to lay on the moral whip as heavily as possible, until his wife, who had long lost with him the title of "Themis," sometimes found it necessary to go after him, not as Justice, but as Mercy, binding up the wounds he made.

"You see," he said, "in my position, and with the morality of the whole district in my keeping, I must be severe. I must pass over nothing, or people will think I am lax myself."

And many was the poor fellow he committed to the county gaol for having unfortunately a fish in his hat or a young leveret in his pocket; many was the case of petty larceny that he dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the law. It was his chief amusement, this rigid exercise of authority, and he really enjoyed it exceedingly.

Happily, it served to take off his attention from his three sons, who were coming to that age when to press the yoke of paternal rule too tightly upon young growing shoulders is sometimes rather dangerous. All the boys, César especially, instinctively gave their father as wide a berth as possible. Not that he ignored them as he once used to do; on the contrary, to strangers he was rather fond of talking about "my eldest son at Oxford," and "my two boys who are just going to Rugby." But inside the house he interfered little with them, and had no more of their company than was inevitable.

With their mother it was quite different. Now, as heretofore, she was all in all to them, and they to her. Walking, riding, or driving together, they had her quite to themselves: enjoying

with her the new-found luxuries of their life.

"Mamma, how beautiful you look in that nice gown!—the very picture of a Lady de Bougainville!" they would say, in their fond boyish admiration. And she, when she watched them ride out on their pretty ponies, and was able to give them dogs and guns, and every thing that boys delight in, exulted in the fortunate wealth, and blessed Mr. Oldham in her heart.

In truth, under this strong maternal influence, and almost wholly maternal guidance, her sons were growing up everything that she desired to see them. Making all allowance for the tender exaggerations of memory—I believe, even from Bridget's account, that the young De Bougainvilles must have been very good boys—honest, candid, generous, affectionate; the comfort and pride of their happy mother during this first year of prosperity.

Even after she had despatched them, each by turn, to school and college, she was not sad. She had only sent them away to do their fitting work in the world, and she knew they would do it well. She trusted them, young as they were, and oh! the blessing of trust!—almost greater than that of love. And she had plenty of love, too, daily surrounding her, both from the boys away and the three girls at home. With one or other of her six children her time and thoughts were incessantly occupied. Mothers, real mothers, be they rich or poor, have seldom leisure either to grow morbid or to grieve.

Of all the many portraits extant of her, perhaps the one I like the best is a daguerreotype by Claudet, taken during this bright year. It is not a flattered likeness, of course—the grey hairs and wrinkles are plain to be seen—but it has a sweetness, a composed, placid content, greater than any other of the various portraits of Lady de Bougainville.

It came home from London, she once told me, on a very momentous day, so much so that it was put aside, locked up, and never looked at for months and years.

Some hours before, she had parted from her eldest boy, who was returning to Oxford, sorry to leave his mother and his home, but yet glad to be at work again. She had seen him off, driving his father, who had to take his place for the first time on the bench of magistrates, to the county town, and now sat thinking of her son—how exactly he looked the character of “the young heir,” and how excessively like he was to her own father—outwardly and inwardly every inch a De Bougainville. He seemed to grow up day by day in her sight, as Wordsworth’s Young Romilly in that of his mother, “a delightful tree” —

“And proudly did his branches wave.”

She felt that under their shadow she might yet rejoice, and have in her declining age many blessed days. Days as calm and lovely as this October afternoon; when the hills lay quiet, transfigured in golden light, and the old grey house itself shone with a beauty as sweet and yet solemn as that of an old woman’s face: the face that sometimes, when she looked in the glass, she tried to fancy, wondering how her sons would look at it some of these days. Only her sons. For the world outside, and its comments upon her, Josephine, from first to last, never cared two straws.

Yet she was not unsocial, and sometimes, both for herself and her children’s sake, would have preferred a less lonely life than they had at Oldham Court—would have liked occasionally to mix with persons of her own sphere and on the level of her own cultivation. Now her only friends were the poor people of the neighbourhood, among whom she went about a good deal, and who looked up to her as to the Lady Bountiful of the whole country-side.

But that day she had enjoyed some pleasure in a long talk with the last person she expected to see or to fraternize with—Lady Turberville. They had met at the cottage of an old woman, to whom Josephine had been very kind. The Countess also; only, as she herself owned, her charities were necessarily limited. “You

are a much richer woman than I,” she had said, with a proud frankness, as she stood tucking up her gown-skirt to walk back the three miles to the Hall, and eyed with good-natured, but half-satirical glance, Lady de Bougainville’s splendid carriage, which had just drawn up to the cottage-door.

Josephine explained that she had intended to take the paralytic old woman for a drive.

“But, since it rains so fast, if Lady Turberville would——”

“If she would give you the chance of being kind to one old woman instead of another? Well, as I am rheumatic, and neighbourly kindness is pleasant, will you drive me home?”

“Gladly,” said Lady de Bougainville. And they became quite friendly before they reached the Hall.

Altogether the strong shrewd simplicity of the old Countess—she was about sixty-five, but looked older, from her worn face and plain, almost common style of dress—had refreshed and amused Josephine very much. While heartily despising the doctrine, that it is advisable to pull oneself up in the world by hanging on to the skirts of great people, she yet had acuteness enough to see that, both for oneself and one’s children, it is well to cultivate good, suitable, and pleasant society: not to hide one’s head under a hole, but to see a little of the world, and choose out of it those friends or acquaintance from whom we can get, or to whom we can give, the best sympathy and companionship.

“My girls have no friends at all now,” thought she, “and they will want some. Adrienne must come out this winter; poor little Adrienne!” And she sighed, reflecting that in their present limited circle Miss de Bougainville’s “coming out” would be in a very moderate form indeed. “Still she must in time get to know a few people, and she ought to learn to make friends, as Lady Turberville said. If Lady Susan and Lady Emily are like their mother, they might be good companions for my poor Adrienne!”

And then the mother's mind wandered off in all sorts of directions, as mothers' minds and hearts always do : to César on his journey to Oxford ; to Louis and Martin at school ; and back again to her little girls at home. Catherine was still "the baby," and treated as such ; but Gabrielle at thirteen looked nearly as womanly as Adrienne. And Gabrielle would certainly grow up beautiful—how beautiful, with her coquettish and impulsive

temperament, the mother was almost afraid to think. Still she was secretly very proud of her, as she was of all her children.

She sat a long time thinking of them all, and watching the sun disappear behind the hills, setting in glory upon what seemed to have been the loveliest day of the whole season, and the most enjoyable.

Alas, it was her last day of enjoyment, her last day of peace.

To be continued.

SOUPIR.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais fidèle toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer,
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah ! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs, toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

BY THE HON. LAMBETH LIBRARIAN.

PART III.

FIRST in date among the genuine portraits of the primates which hang round the walls of the Guard-room at Lambeth is the portrait of Archbishop Warham. The plain, homely, old man's face still looks down on us line for line as the "seeing eye" of Holbein gazed on it three centuries ago. "I instance this picture," says Mr. Wornum, in his life of the painter, "as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on, and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." Memorable in the annals of art as the first of that historic series which brings home to us as no age has ever been brought home to eyes of after-time the age of the English Reformation, it is even more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away. It was with a letter from Erasmus in his hands that Hans Holbein stood before the aged Archbishop, still young as when he sketched himself at Basel with the fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile, melancholy brow. But it was more than the "seventy years" that he has so carefully noted above it that the artist saw in the Primate's face; it was the still, impassive calm of a life's disappointment. Only ten years before, at the very moment when the painter first made his entry into Basel, Erasmus had been forwarding to England the great work in which he had recalled theologians to the path of sound biblical criticism. "Every lover of letters," the great scholar wrote sadly, after the old man had gone to his rest,—*"Every lover of letters owes to Warham that he is the possessor of my Jerome;"* and with an acknowledgment of the Pri-

mate's bounty such as he alone in Christendom could give, the edition bore in its forefront his memorable dedication to the Archbishop. That Erasmus could find protection for such a work in Warham's name, that he could address him with a conviction of his approval in words so bold and outspoken as those of his preface, tell us how completely the old man sympathised with the highest tendencies of the New Learning. Nowhere has Erasmus spoken out his mind so clearly, so freely. "Synods and decrees, and even councils," he says, "are by no means in my judgment the fittest means of repressing error, unless Truth depend simply on authority. On the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was the Christian faith purer or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have."

It is touching to listen to that last appeal of reason and of culture against the tide of dogmatism that was so soon to flood Christendom with Augsburg Confessions, and Creeds of Pope Pius, and Westminster Catechisms and Thirty-nine Articles. One man, at any rate, the appeal found full of hope in the peaceful victory of the truth. Is it by a mere accident or with a deeper significance, that in the accessories of his figure Holbein has expressed that strange double life in which Warham's interest consists? In his right hand the Primate bears the jewelled crozier of the old religion; may we not read the symbol of the New Learning in the open book that lies close beside his left? So to blend the past with the future, so to purify and inform the older pieties of Christendom by the larger "humanities" of science and of art, this was the aim of Warham, as it was the aim of Eras-

mus. It is this spirit which breathes through the simple, earnest letter in which the Primate announces the arrival of the volumes of Jerome, and tells his friend with what pleasure he was reading them. His edition of the New Testament, he adds (surely with a touch of his usual humour), he was lending to Bishop after Bishop. But while Holbein's pencil was travelling over the canvas, the golden dream of a new age, wrought peaceably, purely, by the progress of intelligence, by the growth of letters, was fast vanishing away. More than a year before, the Archbishop had received from his friend at Basel the famous treatise against Luther that marks the ruin of the Renaissance.

Of that "new birth" of the world—for I cling to a word so eminently expressive of a truth that historians of our day seem inclined to forget or to deny—of that regeneration of mankind through the sudden upgrowth of intellectual liberty, Lambeth was in England the shrine. With the Reformation Lambeth had little to do. Bucer, and Peter Martyr, and Alasco gathered indeed for a moment round Cranmer, but it was simply on their way to Cambridge, to Oxford, to Austin Friars. Only one of the symbols of Protestantism has any connexion with it; even the Prayer-book was drawn up in the peaceful seclusion of Otford. The party conferences, the martyrdoms of the warring faiths, took place elsewhere. But Lambeth was the home of the revival of letters. With a singular fitness, the venerable library which still preserves their tradition, ousted from its older dwelling-place by the demolition of the cloister, has in modern days found refuge in the Great Hall, where the men of the New Learning, where Colet and More and Grocyn and Linacre, gathered round the table of Warham. It was on the return of the last two from the Florentine school of Chalcondylas that the new intellectual revival, heralded as it had been in the very tumult of civil war by the learning of Tiptoft, the visit of Poggio, the library of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the presence of Italian scholars at the

Court of Henry the Seventh, had fairly reached England. Like every other movement, it had shrunk from the cold suspicion of the King, but it had found shelter in the patronage of his minister. Warham, like Morton, was the royal Chancellor, immersed in the political business of the state; but, unlike him, he was no mere politician. The eulogies which Erasmus lavished on him while he lived, his endless praises of the Primate's learning, his powers of business, his pleasant wit, his quiet modesty, his fidelity to his friends, may pass for what eulogies of living men are commonly worth. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the glowing picture which he drew of him when death had destroyed all interest in mere adulation. The very letters indeed that passed between the great Churchman and the wandering scholar; the quiet, simple-hearted grace which amid constant instances of munificence preserves the perfect equality of literary friendship; the enlightened, unaffected piety which greets as the noblest of gifts the "New Testament" that bigots were denouncing, and to which Erasmus could confidently address the noble far-seeing words of his prefaces to St. Jerome, confirm the judgment of every good man of Warham's time. In the pious simplicity of his actual life the Archbishop offered a striking contrast to the great Continental prelates of his day. He cared nothing for the pomp, the sensual pleasures, the hunting and dicing in which they indulged. An hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. His favourite relaxation was to sup among a group of learned visitors, taking nothing, but contenting himself with his enjoyment of their jokes, and retorting with fun of his own. But the scholar-world found more than supper or fun at the Archbishop's board. His purse was ever open to relieve their poverty: "Had I found such a patron as Warham in my youth," Erasmus wrote long years after, "I too might have been counted among the fortunate

ones!" Enormous as were the resources of his see, his liberality outran them. "How much have I left in my treasury?" the Archbishop asked on his death-bed. They told him there was scarce enough to bury him. "Bene habet!—It is well," replied the old man as he passed away.

Letters owed more to Warham than even his prodigal gifts of money. Frowned on by one king, neglected for war and statecraft by another, jealously watched by prelates, like Stokesly, drifting nearer and nearer to the perils of heterodoxy, the Primate flung around the new movement his own steady protection. It was Warham who so long sheltered Colet from the charge of heresy; it was at the Archbishop's request that the heterodox dean preached the famous sermon of rebuke to the clergy which Mr. Seeborn has lately recalled to us. Grocyn, first to introduce Greek literature into England, became, by the Archbishop's patronage, master of the college at Croydon. It was with Grocyn that Erasmus rowed up the river to the Primate's board. Warham addressed a few kindly words to the poor scholar before and after dinner, and then drawing him aside into a corner of the hall (his usual way when he made a present to any one) slipped into his hand an acknowledgment for the book and dedication he had brought with him. "How much did the Archbishop give you?" asked his companion, as they rowed home again. "An immense amount!" replied Erasmus, but his friend saw the discontent on his face, and drew from him how small the sum really was. Then the disappointed scholar burst into a string of indignant questions: was Warham miserly, or was he poor, or did he really think such a present expressed the value of the book? Grocyn frankly blurted out the true reason for Warham's economy in his shrewd suspicion that this was not the first dedication that had been prefixed to the "*Hecuba*," and it is likely enough that the Primate's suspicion was right. At any rate, Erasmus owns that Grocyn's sardonic comment, "It is the way with you scholars,"

stuck in his mind even when he returned to Paris, and made him forward to the Archbishop a perfectly new translation of the "*Iphigenia*." In spite, however, of this unpromising beginning, the new acquaintance turned out wonderfully well. Warham, Erasmus wrote home, loved him as if he were his father or his brother, and his generosity surpassed that of all his friends. Within a few years the Archbishop had given him four hundred nobles without asking, —a hundred and fifty, indeed, in a single day. He had offered him a sinecure, and when he declined it had bestowed on him a pension of a hundred crowns a year. When he wandered to Paris, it was the invitation of Warham which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him thirty angels. "I wish they were thirty legions of them," the old man puns, in his quaint, humorous way; "anyhow you must get better. I have always found gold a sovereign remedy for every complaint." The puns throughout the little note are terribly poor ones, but it is the sort of pleasant chat that brightens a sick chamber, and Erasmus seems to have found it witty enough. The medicine was one which Warham was called pretty frequently to administer. Even Linacre, "knowing that I was going to London with hardly six angels in my pocket," pressed his poor friend to "spare the Archbishop;" and Erasmus owned he had received so much from Warham that it would be scandalous to take more of him.

Few men seem to have realized more thoroughly than Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality before which the old social distinctions were to vanish away. In his intercourse with this group of friends, he seems utterly unconscious of the exalted station which he occupied in the eyes of men. Take such a story as Erasmus tells, of a visit of Dean Colet to Lambeth. The Dean took Erasmus in the boat with him, and read as they rowed along a section called "The

Remedy for Anger," in his friend's popular "Handbook of the Christian Soldier." When they reached the hall, however, Colet plumped gloomily down by Warham's side, neither eating nor drinking nor speaking in spite of the Archbishop's good-humoured attempt to draw him into conversation. It was only by starting the new topic of a comparison of ages that the Archbishop was at last successful; and when dinner was over, Colet's ill-temper had utterly fled. Erasmus saw him draw aside an old man who had shared their board, and engage in the friendliest greeting. "What a fortunate fellow you are!" began the impetuous Dean, as the two friends stepped again into their boat; "what a tide of good-luck you bring with you!" Erasmus, of course, protested (one can almost see the half-earnest, half-humorous smile on his lip) that he was the most unfortunate fellow on earth. He was at any rate a bringer of good fortune to his friends, the Dean retorted; one friend at least he had saved from an unseemly outbreak of passion. At the Archbishop's table, in fact, Colet had found himself placed opposite to an uncle with whom he had long waged a bitter family feud, and it was only the singular chance which had brought him thither fresh from the wholesome lessons of the "Handbook" that had enabled the Dean to refrain at the moment from open quarrel, and at last to get such a full mastery over his temper as to bring about a reconciliation with his kinsman. Colet was certainly very lucky in his friend's lessons, but he was perhaps quite as fortunate in finding a host so patient and good tempered as Archbishop Warham.

Primate and scholar were finally separated at last by the settlement of Erasmus at Basel, but the severance brought no interruption to their friendship. "England is my last anchor," Erasmus wrote bitterly to a rich German prelate; "if that goes, I must beg." The anchor held as long as Warham lived. Years go by, but the Primate is never tired of new gifts and remembrances to the brave, sensitive scholar

at whose heels all the ignorance of Europe was yelping. Sometimes, indeed, he was luckless in his presents; once he sent a horse to his friend, and, in spite of the well-known proverb about looking such a gift in the mouth, got a witty little snub for his pains. "He is no doubt a good steed at bottom," Erasmus gravely confesses, "but it must be owned he is not over-handsome; however, he is at any rate free from all mortal sins, with the trifling exception of gluttony and laziness! If he were only a father confessor now! he has all the qualities to fit him for one—indeed, he is only *too* prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable!" Still, admirable as these characteristics are, he is not quite the nag one expected. "I fancy that through some knavery or blundering on your servant's part, I must have got a different steed from the one you intended for me. In fact, now I come to remember, I had bidden my servant not to accept a horse except it were a good one; but I am infinitely obliged to you all the same." Even Warham's temper must have been tried as he laughed over such a letter as this; but the precious work of art which Lambeth contains proves that years only intensified their friendship. It was, as we have seen, with a letter of Erasmus in his hands, that on his first visit to England Holbein presented himself before Warham; and Erasmus responded to his friend's present of a copy of the portrait by forwarding a copy of his own.

But if any hopes for the future lingered round the pleasant memories of the past that the artist may have awakened, they were soon to be roughly dispelled by the troubles of the time. The Royal divorce, the protest of Parliament against the Church, the headlong fall of Wolsey, the breach with Rome, fell like successive thunder-claps on the old age of Warham. Then came the crushing scandal of the Nun of Kent. The priest of Aldington rides hotly to Lambeth with news that a country-lass has turned prophetess, and the friend of Colet and Erasmus listens greedily to her predictions, and pronounces them to be of

God. It was time for Warham to die, and with solemn protest from his death-bed against law and statute that might tend to the hurt and prejudice of Church or see, the old man passed away. It was better so. He had not shown himself brave or quick-witted in the great storm that fell on his grey hairs, but he was at any rate not the man to stoop to the work that Henry now called on the Primate of All England to do. He was spared the infamy of sending the wisest and noblest of living Englishmen doomed to death from his gate. Among the group that the New Learning had gathered round Warham, one of the most familiar faces had been the face of More. From all that graceful interchange of letters and wit the heady current of events had long swept him away, when the royal mandate bade him again repair to the house where he had bandied fun with Erasmus and bent over the easel of Holbein. He was summoned before Cranmer and his fellow-commissioners, and the oath of allegiance, which recognised the validity of Katherine's divorce, was tendered to him. The summons was, as More knew and Cranmer knew, simply a summons to death. "I thank the Lord," More had said with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently down the river from his garden-steps at Chelsea in the early morning—"I thank our Lord that the field is won." He refused to take the oath, as the commissioners expected, but he was bidden to walk in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. The day was hot, and More preferred to seat himself in a window from which he could look down into the crowded court. His strange sympathetic nature could enjoy, even in the presence of death, the humour and life of the throng below. "I saw," he told afterwards, "I saw Master Latimer very merry in the court, for he laughed and took one or twain by the neck so handsomely, that if they had been women I should have weened that he waxed wanton." The crowd was chiefly of priests—rectors and vicars pressing to take the oath that More found harder than death. He bore them

no grudge for it. When he heard the voice of one who was known to have boggled much at the oath in time past, calling loudly and ostentatiously for drink, he only noted him with his peculiar humour. "He drank," he said, "either from dryness or for gladness, or *quod ille notus erat Pontifici*." Then he was called in simply to repeat his refusal. It was in vain that Cranmer plied him with distinctions which perplexed even the subtle wit of the ex-Chancellor; he remained unshaken, and passed as a prisoner to the Tower. It gives almost a sacredness to Morton's Gate to think of More passing guarded beneath it, and whispering, it may be, to himself the grand words of that morning—his thanksgiving that the field was won.

With More passed away from Lambeth for half-a-century the spirit of the Renaissance. When it revived there, with a timid narrow life enough, the great theological battle had been fought out, and Parker was moulding the new Protestant Church into the form which it retains to-day. It was in his eagerness to give it an historical and national basis rather than from any pure zeal for letters, that the Archbishop undertook those publications of the older chronicles which have made him the founder, in its scientific pursuit, of our national history. His editions of Westminster, of Matthew Paris, of the Life of Alfred by Asser, with his secretary Josceline's edition of Gildas, first led the way in that series of historical collections which have illustrated the names of Camden, Twysden, and Gale, and which are now receiving their fitting completion in the publications of the Master of the Rolls. But of far greater value than his publications was the collection which, following in the steps of Leland and Henry VIII., he rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries. So assiduous was Parker's industry, so diligent the search of the two great collectors who followed him, that if to the treasures of the Royal and Corpus libraries we add the mass of the Cottonian and Harleian, it may be

doubted if a single work of real value for English history has actually been lost in the dispersion of the Dissolution. In the literary history of Lambeth, the library of Parker, though no longer within its walls, is memorable as the first of the series of such collections made after his time by each successive Archbishop. Many of these indeed have passed away. The manuscripts of Parker form the glory of Corpus College, Cambridge; the Oriental collections of Laud are among the most precious treasures of the Bodleian. In puerile revenge for his fall, Sancroft withdrew his books from Lambeth, and bequeathed them to Emmanuel College. The library which the munificence of Tenison bequeathed to his old parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields has been dispersed by a shameless act of Vandalism within our own memories. An old man's caprice deposited the papers of Archbishop Wake at Christ Church. But the treasures thus dispersed were, with the exception of the Parker MSS., far surpassed by the collections that remain. I cannot attempt here to enter with any detail into the nature or the history of the archiepiscopal library. It owes its origin to Archbishop Bancroft, it was largely supplemented by his successor Abbot, and still more largely, after a long interval, by the book-loving Primates Tenison and Secker. Of these collections, the library of 30,000 volumes still mainly consists, though it has been augmented by the smaller bequests of Sheldon and Cornwallis, and, in a far less degree, by those of later Archbishops. One has, at any rate, the repute of having augmented it during his primacy simply by a treatise on gout and a book about butterflies. Of the 1,200 volumes of manuscripts and papers, 500 are due to Bancroft and Abbot, the rest mainly to Tenison, who purchased the Carew Papers, the collections of Wharton, and the Codices that bear his name. If Wake left his papers to Christ Church in dread of the succession of Gibson, the bequest of Gibson's own papers more than made up the loss. The most valuable addition since Gibson's day has been that of the Greek

codices, principally scriptural, collected in the East at the opening of this century by Dr. Carlyle.

From the days of Bancroft to those of Laud, the library remained secure in the rooms over the greater cloister. There, in Parker's days, Foxe busied himself in the later editions of his "Acts and Monuments;" one book at least in the collection bears his autograph and the marginal marks of its use. There the great scholars of the seventeenth century, and especially Selden, explored its stores. The day soon came when Selden was to save it from destruction. At the sale of Lambeth the Parliament ordered the books and manuscripts to be sold with it. Selden dexterously interposed. The will of its founder, Archbishop Bancroft, directed that in case room should not be found for it at Lambeth, his gift should go to Cambridge; and the Parliament, convinced by its greatest scholar, suffered the books to be sent to the University. Juxon reclaimed them at the Restoration, and in Sheldon's time they seem to have returned to the quiet cloister. Their interest was soon to be intensified by a succession of scholars in whom the office of librarian became more than a mere appendage to a chaplaincy. Of these, Henry Wharton stands first in literary eminence as he does in date. He is one of those instances of precocious development, rarer in the sober walks of historical investigation than in art. It is a strange young face that we see in the frontispiece to his sermons, the broad high brow and prominent nose so oddly in contrast with the delicate, feminine curves of the mouth, and yet repeated in the hard, concentrated gaze of the large, full eyes looking out from under the enormous wig. The most accomplished of Cambridge students, he quitted the University at twenty-two to aid Cave in his "*Historia Litteraria*," but the time proved too exciting for a purely literary career. At Tenison's instigation the young scholar plunged into the thick of the controversy which had been provoked by the aggression of King James, and his vigour soon

attracted the notice of Sancroft. He became one of the Archbishop's chaplains, and was presented in a single year to two of the best livings in his gift. With these, however, save in his very natural zeal for pluralities, he seems to have concerned himself little. It was with the library which now passed into his charge that his name was destined to be associated. Under him its treasures were thrown liberally open to the ecclesiastical antiquaries of his day—to Hody, to Stillingfleet, to Collier, to Atterbury, and to Strype, who was just beginning his voluminous collections towards the illustration of the history of the sixteenth century. But no one made so much use of the documents in his charge as Wharton himself. In them, no doubt, lay the secret of his consent to take the oath, to separate from his earlier patron, to accept the patronage of Tenison. But there was no permanent breach with Sancroft; on his deathbed the Archbishop committed to him the charge of editing Laud's papers, a charge redeemed by his publication of the "*Troubles and Trials*" of the Archbishop in 1694. But this with other labours were mere by-play. The design upon which his energies were mainly concentrated was "to exhibit a complete ecclesiastical history of England to the Reformation," and the two volumes of the "*Anglia Sacra*," which appeared during his life, were intended as a partial fulfilment of this design. Of these, as they now stand, the second is by far the most valuable. The four archiepiscopal biographies by Osborn, the three by Eadmer, Malmesbury's lives of Aldhelm and Wulfstan, the larger collection of works by Giraldus Cambrensis, Chaundler's biographies of Wykeham and Bekington, and the collection of smaller documents which accompanied these, formed a more valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history than had up to Wharton's time ever been made. Its predecessor contained the chief monastic annals which illustrated the history of the sees whose cathedrals were possessed by monks; those served by canons regular or secular were re-

served for a third volume, while a fourth was to have contained the episcopal annals of the Church from the Reformation to the Revolution. The last, however, was never destined to appear, and its predecessor was interrupted after the completion of the histories of London and St. Asaph by the premature death of the great scholar. In 1694 Battely writes a touching account to Strype of his interview with Wharton at Canterbury:—"One day he "opened his trunk and drawers, and "showed me his great collections concerning the state of our Church, and "with a great sigh told me his labours "were at an end, and that his strength "would not permit him to finish any "more of that subject." Vigorous and healthy as his natural constitution was, he had worn it out with the severity of his toil. He denied himself refreshment in his eagerness for study, and sate over his books in the bitterest days of winter till hands and feet were powerless with the cold. At last nature abruptly gave way, his last hopes of recovery were foiled by an immoderate return to his old pursuits, and at the age of thirty-one Henry Wharton died a quiet scholar's death. Archbishop Tenison stood with Bishop Lloyd by the grave in Westminster, where the body was laid "with "solemn and devout anthems composed "by that most ingenious artist, Mr. "Harry Purcell;" and over it were graven words that tell the broken story of so many a student life:—"Multa ad "augendam et illustrandam rem literariam conscripsit; plura moliebat." "

The library no longer rests in the quiet rooms over the great cloister, in which a succession of librarians, such as Gibson and Wilkins and Ducarel, preserved the tradition of Henry Wharton. The Codex of the first, the Concilia of the second, the elaborate analysis of the registers which we owe to the third, are, like his own works, of primary importance to the student of English ecclesiastical history. It was reserved for our own day to see these memories swept away by a "restoration" that degraded the cloister into a yard and

a scullery. But the same kindly fate which had guided the library to Cambridge in the seventeenth, guided it in the nineteenth century to the one spot in Lambeth whose memories were most akin to its own. When Juxon entered the archiepiscopal house, he had but a few years to live, and but one work to do before he died—the replacing everything in the state in which the storm of the Rebellion had found it. He reclaimed, as we have seen, the books from their Cambridge Adullam. He restored the desecrated chapel to uses more appropriate than that of a dining-room. The demolition of the hall left him a more notable labour. He resolved not only to rebuild it, but to rebuild it precisely as it had stood before it was destroyed. It was in vain that he was besieged by the remonstrances of “classical” architects, that he was sneered at even by Pepys as “old-fashioned;” times had changed and fashions had changed, but Juxon would recognise no change at all. He died ere the building was finished, but even in death his inflexible will provided that his plans should be adhered to. The result has been a singularly happy one. It was not merely that the Archbishop has left us one of the noblest examples of that strange yet successful revival of Gothic feeling of which the staircase of Christ Church Hall, erected at much about the same time, furnishes so exquisite a specimen. It is that in his tenacity to the past he has preserved the historic interest of his hall. Beneath the picturesque woodwork of the roof, in the quiet light that breaks through the quaint mullions of its windows, the student may still recall without a jar the group with which this paper opened. Warham and Erasmus, Grocyn and Colet and More, may still read their lesson in the library of Lambeth to the Church of to-day. What that lesson is we ventured to state two years ago, when its existence was again threatened by the ignorant imbecility of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—“Men who have taken little directly religious interest in the Church of England have of late been discovering her value as a centre

of religious culture. However unanswerable the purely Congregational or Independent theories may appear, experience has shown that their ultimate outcome is in a multitude of Little Bethels, and that in Little Bethels dwelleth, so far as culture is concerned, no good thing. Even while acknowledging the great benefits which Dissenting bodies have conferred on England in bygone days, men are revolting more and more against the narrowness, the faith in platitudes, the want of breadth and geniality, the utter deadness to the artistic and intellectual impulses of the day, which seem to have passed into their very life and existence. On the other hand, even if Philistines abound in it, the spirit and love of the Church of England has never been wholly Philistine. It has managed somehow fairly to reflect and represent the varying phases of English life and English thought; it has developed more and more a certain original largeness and good-tempered breadth of view; it has embraced a hundred theories of itself and its own position which, jar as they may, have never in any case descended to the mere mercantile ‘pay over the counter’ theory of Little Bethel. Above all, it has found room for almost every shade of religious opinion; it has answered at once to every revival of taste, of beauty, of art. And the secret of it all has been that it is still a learned Church; not learned in the sense of purely theological or ecclesiastical learning, but able to show among its clergy men of renown in every branch of literature, critical, poetical, historical, or scientific.” While this great library lies open to the public as a part, and a notable part, of the palace of the chief prelate of the English Church, while it is illustrated in our own day by learning such as that of Dr. Maitland and Professor Stubbs, we shall still believe—in spite of the vulgar cant about “working clergy”—that the theory of that Church as to the connexion of religion and learning is still the theory of Warham and Erasmus, and not that of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

J. R. G.

KAISERSWERTH AND THE PROTESTANT DEACONESSSES.

BY MISS SEWELL.

KAISERSWERTH ! Where is it ?—for what is it celebrated ? Perhaps there are few amongst the educated classes of England who would not be able to give an answer to the latter question, but I doubt whether there would not be a vast number wholly unable to give any satisfactory reply to the former ; I judge at least from myself. Till within a few months, I had the vaguest possible notion of the locality of Kaiserswerth. I knew that it had been the training-school of Miss Nightingale, and was the model for nursing sisterhoods ; but where it was to be found on the map, I honestly confess I had but a very remote idea. Somewhere in the vicinity of the Rhine it certainly was ; but that is but an *ignis fatuus* to an ignorant searcher after locality. Much less had I any idea how Kaiserswerth was to be reached. I believe, if I had any notion at all connected with it, it was of some large whitewashed building standing in a plain, in the centre of Germany, and only approachable by those interminable poplar-lined roads which are as oppressive to the mind as they are wearisome to the body. At any rate, it had never presented itself to my mind as a fact that Kaiserswerth was easy of access ; and it was only when turning over the pages of "Murray," while searching for Cologne, that I stumbled upon the information that Kaiserswerth could be reached by railway in little more than two hours, either from Aix-la-Chapelle or Cologne.

This fact it was which first suggested the idea of a visit to the Deaconess Institution. "Murray" only says of Kaiserswerth, "Here is a remarkable charitable institution, founded by the late Protestant Pastor Fliedner, consisting of a Hospital, School, and Penitentiary, all under the charge of Protestant Deaconesses or nurses." He could not

well say less, for the Deaconess Institution is, as every one probably knows, a great success in an experiment of a most difficult kind ; and the principles illustrated in its working must lie at the root of all undertakings of a similar character. To the Deaconess Home, therefore, we determined to go—choosing the route from Aix-la-Chapelle to Düsseldorf by railway, and from thence taking a carriage to Kaiserswerth.

A turn in the road (there had been very few turns previously) brought us close to the Rhine, flowing through broad meadows ; then came an avenue, and houses which might betoken either a large village or a small town, and above the roofs rose one or two slated belfry towers ; this of course was Kaiserswerth,—not an interesting place at a distance, still less so on a nearer approach. A German country town is not pleasant to English eyes, the plasterer has been too busy in it and the scavenger too lazy, and Kaiserswerth was no exception. But we drove through it, and stopped before a large building, wholly unarchitectural, and of course plastered and slated. All that distinguished it from an ordinary building was the symbol, on the front gable, of the dove bearing the olive-branch, and an inscription in golden letters on each wing, one from St. Matthew xxv. 36, the other from St. Mark ix. 37. Our carriage was dismissed for a couple of hours, and we proceeded to apply for admission. There was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining it. We were received by a Sister. Her dress was a dark blue close-fitting cotton gown with tight sleeves, a plain white collar, and a small white cap with a net border round the face, the effect being that of refined neatness and simplicity. She ushered us into a small room, painted

like our own old-fashioned rooms, in blue with white panels, and in no way peculiar, except that in a glass case there were some photographs of the Pastor Flidner and his first wife (the latter apparently taken in illness), and a small collection of the Pastor's writings. We informed the Sister that we were English, and that our knowledge of German was limited. "Ah," she replied, with a bright smile, "that does not signify,"—and she hurried away; and, after a short delay, came back with another Sister dressed in the same way, and who spoke to us in carefully-chosen English, and with a pretty piquant accent, which certainly gave us no wish to hear our native tongue pronounced more perfectly. I mention this, because I feel bound to confess that the charms of our guide may have had some effect upon our impressions of Kaiserswerth. The simple, graceful manner, the quiet enthusiasm shown by the occasional sparkle of the eye, and the moisture which gathered over it as some remark or question called forth unusual feeling; and, above all, the little outbursts of unmistakeable devotion, not to a system or an institution, but to Him for whom the work was undertaken—these it was impossible to observe without being attracted by them. But the charm was not confined exclusively to the Sister who went with us through the building. Perfect simplicity, the refinement of education, and a singularly bright, happy look, were the external characteristics of almost all the Sisters whom we happened to see. There was no air of mystery, no apparent consciousness of being engaged in a peculiar work, or being in any way different from others. Sunshine and freedom seemed to pervade the house, and the ideas thus suggested by what we saw were confirmed by the conversation which we held with the Sister who was our guide.

She took us first to the Dispensary. Here everything necessary for the sick was provided, and the superintendence given to two Sisters. But, before visiting their rooms, we were taken to the large,

airy, clean kitchen, where dinner is provided every day for the various inmates of the Institution, in all three hundred persons. Six girls, we were told, were employed in the department, one or more Sisters being always present. We did not understand then, what we learned afterwards, that a penitentiary formed part of the establishment, and that the work of the house, in washing and cooking, was done by the penitents.

From the kitchen we passed to the probationers' room; the arrangement of which would not perhaps quite meet our English ideas in the present day. We should ask for more privacy—something more of the Dormitory character. We should probably also give the Sister who sleeps in the probationers' room a larger space to herself, and more provision for rest and solitude: but in these respects German and English needs probably differ.

"The probationers," said Sister R., "do not mix at once with the rest of the community: a certain number, about twenty, live together under one Sister. She has the entire charge of them. She is their Mother. They have a separate dining-room." And, opening another door, she showed a pleasant room in which about twenty persons might sit down to table. "It makes them more comfortable," she added; "they are not so shy, and they become accustomed to their work by degrees."

If the probationers do not like their new life (so we found afterwards), they may at once give it up; but if they have been preparing to be teachers, they must repay the small sum—about 1*l.* 10*s.* a month—which has been expended on their board and education.

The Sisters' rooms were next visited. They were generally arranged so that two might be together. All were beautifully neat and bright, and ornamented with prints and flowers.

"What," we asked, "is the pledge which the Sisters give to the Institution? Are they bound to it for life? May they marry?"

"Certainly, they may marry," was

the reply. "Several have married missionaries. They take no vows; they only promise obedience to the rules for five years."

"And at the end of that time do they often wish to give up their work?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Sister R., eagerly. "It is for love they work—love to our Lord. There must be a vocation, a delight in the work from the beginning; they cannot wish then to give it up."

"But suppose—such a case might arise—suppose the conduct of any Sister should really prove unsatisfactory, what would be done?" we asked.

"The Pastor and the Mother—Mrs. Fliedner—would try their utmost to bring her to a better mind; and if that did not succeed, she would be dismissed. It is Mrs. Fliedner to whom we look for advice and help as a mother. She is the widow of Pastor Fliedner, and was his second wife. Pastor Disselhoff is at the head of the Institution. He is her son-in-law. His wife takes great interest in everything, but she does not interfere in the management; that is left to the Pastor and the Mother; they work together as one." And Sister R. said this in a tone of tender respect, which told more plainly than words how deeply she venerated them.

"And the Sisters are, we believe, sent to distant countries?"

"Oh, yes! We have Homes, and Schools, and Hospitals, everywhere; all through Germany, in Switzerland, Sweden, at Constantinople and Alexandria, and at Jerusalem, and even in North America."

We had made the inquiry from a feeling of personal interest. The work of the Sisters at Alexandria had come to our own knowledge. The widow of a clergyman in an Eastern land, returning friendless and unhappy to England, had utterly broken down when reaching Alexandria. The Protestant Deaconesses received her into their Home, and her own account of their care and its results was, "They saved me, body and soul."

The statistics of the Alexandrian Hospital state that, in 1867, 812 patients of various races and religions were attended by the *Hakime Pasha*, as the Arabs call the apothecary-Sister. No wonder that the Viceroy of Egypt appreciates the work, and proves it by a yearly subscription of 1,500 francs (about 60*l.*).

"Our Sisters work hard, but we provide for their comfort," observed Sister R., as she led us to a small suite of rooms which were peculiarly nice in their arrangement and furniture. "Here is the House of Rest," she continued. "The Sisters who are old or unfitted for work occupy these rooms. They still have something to do; they are not quite laid aside; but they undertake only what they feel equal to."

The comfort of the superannuated or invalid Sisters seems, indeed, to be a special object of care amongst the Protestant Deaconesses, for, in addition to these private apartments, there is what is called a church-room, opening into the chapel, which enables them to join without fatigue in the public service.

A small farm, beautifully situated, about seven miles from Kaiserswerth, and now known by the name of Salem, gives still further opportunity for refreshment and repose.

Sister R. continued her guidance of us. She took us into a needlework room, where the Sisters' dresses were made; the ordinary daily dress, like that which she herself wore, and the Sunday dress of dark blue merino,—simple, useful, and free from singularity, like everything else connected with the Institution. Two or three Sisters were at work in this room; for the time being it was their private apartment, and it was entered with a knock and an apology for intrusion, and a pleasant, affectionate greeting, which told of mutual courtesy and consideration. It was the same everywhere; when we passed the Sisters in the corridor, or when they came up to ask a question, or when Sister R. stopped them, as she occasionally did, to beg them to do her some little favour, the manner and tone of all

alike were those of simple, respectful affection.

The whole work of the establishment is carried on within the walls, and this is one of its most singular features; for in the word "work" must be included that of bakers, carpenters, shoemakers, painters, undertaken by men having their separate apartments, and living under rule just as the Sisters do.

"How do you manage to govern all these people?" we inquired. "Do you find no difficulty in it?"

"There are the laws," was the reply; "if anything is amiss, we show them the laws; they are bound to obey them, and if they do not, they are dismissed."

"Are they married?" we asked; "and do they receive regular wages?"

"For the most part," said Sister R., "they are not married. We have one boy working here whose father is also in the Institution; but, as a rule, they are single men who have a real feeling for the place, and ask the lowest price for their work. Men and boys, as well as women, are attended in our Hospital. There is a ward set apart for them."

To the Hospital we were then conducted. I believe there were at that time about ninety patients in it. The rooms were, of course, very much alike, and we were not inclined to disturb the sufferers by intruding upon them. Neither could any true idea of the way in which an institution of this kind is worked be gathered from a cursory visit such as ours.

The real testimony to the labours of the Hospital Sisters is found in the approval of the best physicians and surgeons, and in the fact that Miss Nightingale visited Kaiserswerth before she undertook her mission of introducing a similar system of nursing into England. The wards were small, and beautifully neat; and each contained but a small number of patients, sometimes only two, together. The children's ward we spent more time in. Sister R.'s tender, loving tone and words, as she spoke to the wan and wistful little ones, and tried to soothe, them when they were fretful,

seemed to mark her out as a person especially fitted to be with them, though she told us that her duties lay in another department. A garden adjoins the Children's Hospital—a German, not an English garden, be it remembered; no one must expect to see on the Continent the trim walks, and smooth turf, and neat flower-beds, to which our insular eyes are accustomed—but, nevertheless, a *bonâ fide* place of refreshment, where pure air and sunshine may be enjoyed; and here the sick children are brought when the weather is fine, and laid down to amuse themselves, or, if that cannot be, to rest, some on the ground, some in a huge cradle. Several wretched little objects were there at the time of our visit. One, who had water on the brain, and whose head was swollen to about four times its natural size, I feel as if I could never forget. One or two of the Sisters were sitting by them, watching them. The children belonged evidently to the very lowest class, and are sent to the Hospital—Sister R. told us—by the magistrates.

For the Protestant Deaconesses have now become, as it were, a *Public Institution*. Begun by Pastor Fliedner, when, on the 17th of September, 1833, he first received into a little garden-house the forlorn penitent who came to him for help to raise her from her degradation, it now numbers forty-two Homes and 2,000 Sisters; and for the support of such a vast society no private funds could suffice. We inquired of Sister R. how the necessary yearly sum was obtained; she paused for a moment before she replied, "I cannot tell; it is God's blessing; He sends the money as it is needed. We have collectors authorized to visit certain districts and beg for us. Our King helps us; so does our Queen."

So also, no doubt, the authorities in foreign countries are, like the Viceroy of Egypt, disposed to favour so good a work; but when the extent of the Sisters' labours and the few years which have elapsed since the foundation of the Institution are considered, we can only say, with Sister R., It is God's bless-

ing which has thus supported them, and enlarged their borders.

Connected with the Hospital department was a room which must on no account be omitted. It was exhibited by Sister R. with evident pride, and was in fact not one room but two, suited for a schoolroom and classroom, but which might be thrown together if necessary. "Here," said the Sister, "we met last week,—500 members of the Institution, gathered from all quarters. We had a most happy day. Some people marvelled that we could receive so many and treat them so hospitably; but it is God's blessing: and there," she added, "is our symbol—the Dove of Kaiserswerth—in another form." And she pointed to a fresco representing the Saviour enthroned on clouds, stretching out His arms to receive a weary dove flying towards Him with drooping wings.

The genuine sympathy felt for the hard-worked and, doubtless, often worn-out Sisters, both near and distant, was very touching. We passed from the hall into another large room filled with curiosities, and relics of the labours of the Sisters in various places and under various circumstances. Some of the curiosities were to be sold for the benefit of the Institution. Eastern they were, for the most part; but amongst the relics were bullets and swords, testifying to the task of nursing the sick and wounded in time of war. 28 Sisters were sent to the field of battle in the Schleswig-Holstein war in 1864; 56 were employed in the same way in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, whilst 30 attended the wounded and sick in their own homes, and 36 were employed as nurses to cholera patients. These facts need no comment. From some cause, some wise principle and wise management, the Protestant Deaconess Institution has unquestionably been singularly successful; for this work of tending the poor and the suffering of all classes goes on constantly. The Sisters are sent two and two into parishes, and work under the guidance of the clergymen; and, when required, are allowed

to enter private families to undertake the care of invalids. It struck me, when examining the curiosities, that the feeling of interest in the community was stronger than any wish to obtain funds. I took a fancy to a little candlestick made at Jerusalem, but I was not allowed to buy it; there was only one, it could not be parted with.

Of the Schools we saw the least; it seemed to be the *coffee-hour*, and at the door of one or two rooms we were stopped and told that we could not intrude upon the recreation-time of the Sisters. There are schools of all kinds; a large infant-school for poor children, a training-school for those who wish to be instructing Deaconesses, either of an upper or lower grade, and a school for girls of an upper class; whilst many of the Homes in other parts of the country make education a chief part of their labours.

Our last visit was to the Penitentiary—the name, I believe, including also what we should call a Reformatory. Here, as elsewhere, there was nothing to give the idea of strictness or gloom. We entered one room where two girls were employed in some kind of work—I forget what; and Sister R. spoke to them brightly and kindly as usual. There was nothing remarkable about them; they were pleasant-looking girls, one of them with perhaps rather an unusual flashing dark eye. They smiled as they answered "*liebe Schwester R.*"—so they called the Sister; and I had not the least idea they were penitents till we had left the room. So, again, an old woman addicted to drinking was accosted in the same way; she had her duties to attend to, and we were told that she did well so long as she was kept out of the way of temptation. Sister R.'s greeting to her was as loving as though they had been on a footing of perfect moral equality. Yet strict watch is kept over the penitents. A separate bedroom is provided for each, opening into a gallery with a Sisters' room at both ends. We inquired how discipline was maintained amongst such undisciplined natures. "They are never

allowed to go anywhere without a Sister in attendance," replied Sister R. "They assist in the work of the house, but some one is always with them. This is the one rule which has been found absolutely necessary."

"And do you never have outbreaks and disturbances?" we asked.

"Oh, yes! These poor things have occasional fits of most violent, ungovernable passion."

"And what do you do with them then?"

"We send for the Mother first; she has great influence. If she should fail, the Pastor goes. It is sometimes half an hour—an hour—two hours before he can see them; but he is patient, he waits still; then he goes in. If he cannot pray with them, he prays for them, and so he leaves them; and, almost always, a short time afterwards he is called in again. It is all right; they are repentant; they have returned to their right mind."

"And do you find that the right mind continues? Are they really permanently reformed?"

Sister R. shook her head. "Some are. We have cause to be thankful. We have Christian friends who give them situations when they are fit to leave us, and so there are many who turn out well; but there are others who fall back to their evil ways."

The Hospital for Insane Ladies we did not see. Sister R. said it was not shown to casual visitors, and the reason was self-evident. The Report of the Institution says there are forty rooms of various sizes for educated, curable, insane women, including bathing-rooms, halls for social meetings and musical entertainments, a covered arcade, where the patients may walk in bad weather, a greenhouse,—in fact, everything which can tend to divert and soothe the mind. There are now about thirty patients in the Institution.

"The crown of all I have to show now," said Sister R., as she led us to a building in the form of a cross—evidently the Chapel. It was large, and for a Lutheran church handsome, and

the walls were ornamented with appropriate illuminated texts. Sister R.'s pride in the building interested me much. "Here," she said, "we have services twice every Sunday, and two evenings in the week."

It seemed to us but a small provision for devotion. We asked if that was all. "No," was the answer. "At other times there are family prayers in each department, and, besides this, it is arranged that every Sister shall have some time in the day in which she may come to the chapel for her private reading and prayer. This is in addition to the recreation-time, about an hour a day, when the Sisters are obliged to amuse and refresh themselves together. All these things are arranged in the rules."

"And are the rules to be seen?" we inquired.

"No; they are kept only for ourselves; but any person who wishes to learn more about them, and to understand our work, may come and stay in the house and work with us; only she must work, we cannot have mere lookers-on."

This was the only symptom of anything in the slightest degree approaching to secrecy or reserve that we could remark in the arrangement of the Institution, and certainly it would be very hard to find fault with it. No persons except those actually employed as members of such a society can possibly be fit judges of the wisdom or unwisdom of every minute rule which is enforced.

It took us about two hours to go over the Institution,—that is to say, to have a sample given us of the work carried on in it. The time seemed to have been very short when Sister R. said, with her pleasant kindly smile, "I think that is all;" and the moment for departing came. But I felt myself as if I had had the windows of my mind opened, and subjects for thought, many and interesting, yet perplexing, suggested to it.

And now it may be said, "Why write all this? There is nothing wonderful in it. Works of charity are carried on all over the world, and each, in its own

way, has its share of usefulness and credit. Roman Catholics have *Sœurs de Charité*, the English Church has Sisters of Mercy, Lutheranism has its Protestant Deaconesses. Different Churches have different ways of working; why should one be selected for especial distinction? Let honour be given to all."

Most true: and no one would say more earnestly than myself, "Give honour to all." But there is one characteristic of the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses in Germany which must, one would think, in these practical days awaken attention. It has attained success—unexpected, undoubted, and rapid. The Sisters of Charity have worked for more than two centuries, backed by the all-powerful support of Rome. The Anglican Sisters of Mercy are struggling into life as separate bodies, with no principle of mutual cohesion, except that which may be derived from agreement in doctrine. If, therefore, we wish to discover the principles upon which such great works may most safely be based, we shall surely do wisely to turn to a society which stands firmly upon its own foundation, yet has extended itself on all sides, and has contrived to gain influence with rich and poor, Christian and Mohammedan, in Europe and Asia, in the old world and the new.

And, as the result of such an inquiry, it may be observed, first, that the "Protestant Deaconesses" are in no way conventual.

To some this will be an argument against them. The feeling in favour of the conventual system is in some persons very strong. To it we owe, more or less, the existence of almost all the sisterhoods now working in England. I believe there are but two exceptions—the Sisters of St. John, connected with King's College Hospital, and the Deaconesses, who have their present home in Burton Crescent, London.

But the conventual spirit makes the inward purification and elevation of the individual members of the society the first object—the work which is to be carried on by them jointly, the second. It is quite true, indeed, that the two

objects are in the main inseparable, but the rules and regulations of a society devoted to charitable works must be materially influenced by the view which is taken of the importance of these distinct aims. Discipline, services, ceremonies, which will be considered essential in the one case, will be looked upon as non-essential in the other. Now a society founded on the conventual principle cannot, from its very nature, be cosmopolitan. Its marked element is exclusiveness. It recognises an outer and an inner world which have scarcely any connexion with each other, except as regards the help to be mutually given and received; and when such help is needed, the outer world is required to live under subjection to the inner world, to accommodate itself to its laws and customs; for the latter cannot, upon principle, descend to the so-called secular life which it has renounced. The question whether this exclusive life is or is not a desirable one, whether it does not satisfy certain needs of certain natures, whether it may not be ultimately as effective for good as that which offers a wider sympathy, is quite apart from the present inquiry, which is simply whether the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth do not owe a great portion of their world-wide usefulness and their universal acceptance to the very fact that they are not conventual; that their object is not their own spiritual advancement or consolation, nor the spread of the doctrines of their own Church; but the faithful carrying out of the charitable works to which they have devoted themselves. For, as a result of this view of their duty, they are not a proselytizing society. Roman Catholics and Jews are received into the Hospitals and visited by ministers of their respective creeds, and in the East the Mohammedans equally receive the attention of the Sisters. Yet, on the other hand, there is no attempt to separate religion from benevolence, or to hide the fact that the Protestant Deaconesses belong to a distinct religious body, and have a definite creed and a regular ecclesiastical government. They believe in the doc-

trine and obey the laws of their own Church, but they leave others free to follow them or not, as conscience may dictate. Their *schools* indeed are places of definite religious instruction. Those who attend them must be taught what the Sisters themselves believe. But if the children are led to baptism, it is with the consent and at the wish of their parents. Everything, in fact, is open and true, and the result is confidence, respect, and support.

Again, the obedience of the Protestant Deaconesses is based, not upon submission to the individual will of the Superior, but to the fully recognised laws of the Institution,—those laws which have been tried and approved by competent authority, and to which they have voluntarily given their assent. How essential this distinction between obedience to *law* and obedience to *will* is, no one probably can fully recognise who has not been more or less entrusted with the task of governing either adults or children. To Sister R. it was so much a matter of course that law should be obeyed, that she smiled with surprise when we asked how the discipline of the Institution was carried on. "We show them the laws. If they do not keep them, they are dismissed." And by laws, it must be remembered, she meant not new laws—laws imposed for any purpose, however good, by the absolute will of the Pastor, or Mrs. Fliedner—but laws previously known and understood. This being the principle of government, dismissal upon any serious and continued infractions of the law became a matter of course. That this differs very widely from the conventual principle is evident from the curious revelations of the exercise of individual authority made in the celebrated Saurin case; and it would seem to be recognised as a necessity even by Roman Catholic communities of a non-conventual character.

Travelling shortly after my visit to Kaiserswerth in company with two very interesting Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, one of them evidently a refined lady, with a little satire in her composition, we made a few inquiries as to

the government of their society; how was it carried on?

"By the laws," was the reply; "the laws never change."

"But are you not under the authority of some Bishop?"

"Oh, no! No Monseigneur has anything to do with us. If the laws require to be altered, it can only be done by the consent of the whole body."

"But you are under one Superior?"

"Yes; but only for a limited time. Every three years a new election is made. The acting Superior may be re-elected once, but not oftener. She must after the second time descend to the position of an ordinary Sister."

The sense of unity and stability which this obedience to recognised law rather than to individual will must give, can scarcely be questioned. It is the very foundation principle of our English Constitution, and its wisdom has stood the test of centuries. When the governors and the governed alike submit to a superior authority, there can be no jealousy between them, and no opportunity for the undue exercise of that love of power which is such a temptation to many, and especially to women. And yet, with this fixed recognition of the supremacy of law, the Protestant Deaconesses have full scope for the adaptation of their Homes and Schools to the localities in which they may be placed. The position of the Kaiserswerth Institution is more that of an elder sister than of a superior. There are various *Mother-houses*, and each (so far as I can understand) is free to form its own constitution. From time to time deputies from these Mother-houses meet to consult for the general welfare, and to give the result of their several experiences. Pastors and Sisters then assemble from all parts, and several days are spent in conferences and discussions. A meeting of this kind had been held just before we visited Kaiserswerth. But it would seem that no binding laws are laid down by the general assembly. The Deaconess Society is so extensive that it would be

next to impossible to rule it according to one set form. So long as the spirit is one, the minor peculiarities of individual development may safely be trusted to circumstances.

Once more. The Kaiserswerth Institution, from the fact of its locality, has held from its commencement a marked place in the country which cannot be overlooked. It is not swamped—absorbed in the whirlpool of a large city.

In the little town on the banks of the Rhine, it was able to concentrate its first energies on a comparatively small community, and having trained and perfected its members there, it could afterwards send them forth to the farthest parts of the globe.

There are Anglican Deaconesses in London, devoted and unwearied. They have a Home in Burton Crescent; they work amongst the abject poor, and nurse in hospitals, and teach in schools; but how few know anything about them, and, of those who have heard of them, how many are inclined to think that because the Institution does not spread rapidly therefore it must be a failure!

Success engenders success; and there can be no marked success, such as every one will acknowledge, in an Institution engulfed in London. It may do its work devotedly, unweariedly; but the immediate claims upon it are too vast,—it cannot spread. So again with the St. John's Sisters; they belong to King's College Hospital, but the work is more than sufficient for their number; they have no power of spreading. It may be answered that they have no wish to do so, but this cannot be said of the Deaconesses. The desire expressed strongly, when they were first set apart for their work, was that they should be recognised as a Church body. It is easy to call them such, but it is to be feared that they will never be really accepted in that light by the Church generally until they have been proved

to be a success; and this, under their present circumstances, would seem to be almost an impossibility.

These suggestions are merely thrown out for the consideration of persons interested in the establishment of such Institutions; not, perhaps, entirely accepting the principles of the English sisterhoods as at present constituted, but compelled to own that we have not yet attained to anything which is likely to be more universally satisfactory.

We do not as a nation like the outward forms of German Protestantism. They are cold and unattractive. Many of us regret deeply what we believe to be fundamental deficiencies in the constitution of the Lutheran Churches. Many more think German homes, and German habits and customs, wanting in what, for lack of a better word, one may perhaps call finish; certainly it is not refinement. To all such Kaiserswerth will not present any external attractions. But the spirit,—the holy, humble, reverent, devoted spirit,—the love which thinks all work easy that is done for Christ, the faith which removes the mountains of sin and misery, the hope which passes beyond this world, and lives in expectation of the Paradise of the Redeemed,—these, if to be met with anywhere on earth, are surely to be found amongst the simple, single-hearted Deaconesses of the German Protestant Church.

Few can turn aside in their summer wanderings and visit Kaiserswerth without bearing away with them an ineffaceable impression of the love which is its distinguishing characteristic; and some there may be in whom may be awakened the desire to live after the pattern of the Sisters' symbol, and—at however remote a distance—to follow the course of the dove which goes forth bearing the olive-branch of charity, and, after its long flight, returns, weary,—but welcomed—oh! how tenderly welcomed—to the Saviour's breast.

BOARDS OF GREEN CLOTH.

WHOEVER has been at the most notable German watering-places—Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems—will know that, in addition to their lovely scenery, fine air, health-giving waters, good living, pleasant reunions, and general enjoyableness, they have powerful attractions of a peculiar kind, in the shape of certain tables covered with green cloth, upon which are performed operations of a character highly interesting to the groups around them. Good people who have the privilege of dwelling in our virtuous and highly respectable island are in the habit of speaking of these institutions with the utmost abhorrence, and the most righteous indignation. In principle, no doubt, they are right. I have no desire to set up an apology for gambling in any form; but, as I have remarked that, somehow or other, it always happens that those who are most zealous in their anathemas of these “diabolical orgies” know least about them; and that as, even among the more moderate of our countrymen and countrywomen who, visiting these places, will look on, or perhaps (under the rose, of course) assist at, the operations in question, not one in a hundred understands what is going on, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to offer a few explanatory remarks on these much-talked-of gaming arrangements.

The principle is very simple, though often misunderstood. However much moralists may lament the fact, there is no doubt that the human mind manifests a strong propensity for speculating on the unknown future. Sometimes the event to come may depend on causes partially known; and in this case the interest of the speculation lies chiefly in the greater or less degree of knowledge we may

possess of these causes, and in the judgment we may bring to bear on their probable influence. Most business speculations belong to this category, as indeed does much of the betting that is commonly practised, either on the turf or in other ways.

But there are also future events which belong to an entirely different class, namely, those of whose causes we have no knowledge whatever, and which we are consequently accustomed to call the results of pure chance—the tossing of a penny, the drawing of cards from the pack, the throwing of dice, and so on. Now events of this class are also found to excite interest, often very strongly; this interest being usually manifested by the risking of money on the way such events may turn. It is probable that, in the case of the habitual and confirmed gambler, it is not the hope of gain that interests him so keenly, but the excitement consequent on the varieties of the chances that may occur. At any rate, we may take it for granted that this interest is natural to the mind; and we know that wherever a natural desire exists, means will spring up for its gratification. Now the German watering-places are frequented, during the summer and autumn season, by a large number of visitors, all open to accept any kind of amusement. The class who go seriously for the sake of health form no exception to the rule, for it is one of the standing principles of the “cure” at these places that to obtain the full benefit of the waters the mind must be kept free from disturbing cares. The town of Wiesbaden, with the view of enforcing this principle, has adopted the curious old punning motto, which is inscribed on their principal hotel—

"Curæ vacuus hunc adeas locum, ut morborum vacuus abire queas, non enim hic curatur qui curat."

"Com'st thou for cure?
Leave care behind.
Com'st thou with care?
No cure thou'lt find."

Taking advantage then of this universal desire for amusement, a number of speculators, having command of considerable capital, associate themselves together, go to these watering-places, and say to the public there: "Gentlemen and ladies, you are looking out for amusement, we will provide it for you. You will find it very interesting to speculate on unforeseen events, and this we will help you to do. We will establish apparatus by which any number of chance occurrences shall be produced in quick succession; and you may, if you please, bet upon them. We will take your bets, from a single florin to £400 or £500, accepting your money if you lose, and paying you if you win, for which the large sum we will lay on the tables shall be your guarantee. Moreover, the modes of producing the events shall be so simple, and so open to public observation, as to present unimpeachable evidence of their fairness, and freedom from even the suspicion of being tampered with; so that we may each stake our money upon them with absolute security that nothing but mere chance shall determine its disposal.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, we have something to add. We know, both by reason and by experience, that though fortune may favour temporarily either you or ourselves, yet in the long run the events for and against us will balance each other, and at the end of the season we should, as regards our bets with you, find ourselves just about where we began. But we cannot afford to give you all this accommodation gratuitously; we must be paid for it. We might charge you something for entrance to the room, or make you pay us a percentage upon every stake you lay down; but this would be inconvenient, and would perhaps prevent you from

coming to us freely: we will therefore, with your permission, so arrange the apparatus, that the chances of the events shall not be quite even, but shall be slightly in our favour; the nature and extent of this advantage, however, being patent to all beholders. If you agree to this, welcome to our tables!"

Such is the principle of the thing; I now go on to explain the arrangements by which it is carried into practice.

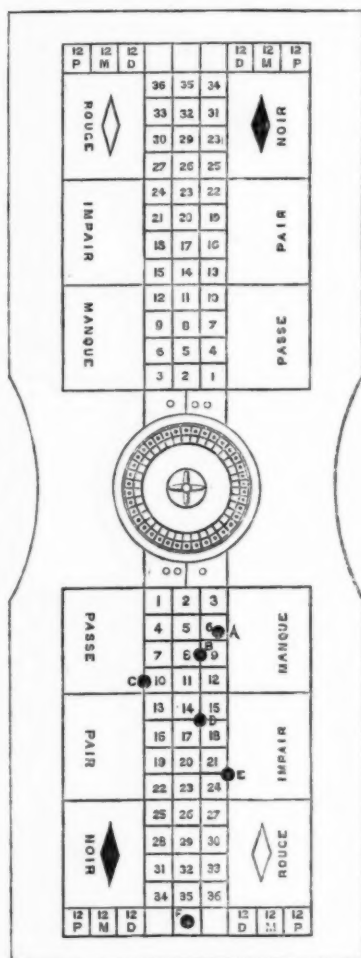
There are many modes by which simple chance occurrences may be produced, but two only are used in these cases; one is a revolving apparatus, called *roulette*, the other a peculiar game with cards, called *trente et quarante*, or (by the English generally) *rouge et noir*.

Each of these is played upon a table about 20 feet long, and 8 feet wide, covered with green cloth. Four croupiers sit at the middle, two on each side, to conduct the play, with large heaps of money in front of them; the players stand or sit round the remaining circumference of the table.

The roulette apparatus consists of a horizontal wheel or disk, about 21 inches in diameter, which revolves freely on a vertical axis. On the outer part of this wheel are a number of small open chambers, coloured red and black alternately, and each marked with a distinct number. The disk is set rapidly revolving by one of the croupiers, who at the same time throws upon a fixed margin outside the wheel a little ball, giving it a motion round the marginal circle in a direction opposite to that of the wheel. The margin has its surface inclined inwards, so that as soon as the ball has somewhat slackened its motion, and thereby lost a portion of its centrifugal force, it drops upon the revolving disk; but in so doing it is caught by several projections, and is tossed about considerably, until at last it settles by dropping into one of the chambers on the wheel. The number of the chamber it falls into, and the colour, are the chance events determined by this operation; and the way they are made available in play is as follows.

The green cloth covering the table is embroidered as in the following figure—

ROULETTE TABLE.



By the aid of this diagram several varieties of play may be obtained, according to the taste of the player, and these will be best illustrated by examples. Suppose you put a florin on the division of the cloth marked *rouge*; if the ball falls into a red hole, you win a florin,

the croupiers throwing you down one alongside yours: if the ball falls into a black hole, you lose your florin, which is forthwith gathered up out of the way. Similarly, you may stake, say, on *im-pair*: if the number comes even, you lose; if odd, you win; and *vice versa*. The numbers are a little more complicated. There are thirty-six numbered chambers for the ball to fall into; you may stake a florin on any one of the corresponding numbers, say No. 6, as at A, and if this number wins, you are paid thirty-five florins in addition to your own. But there are several other ways of staking on the numbers, by which your risk is diminished; these are shown by the small circles on the diagram: for example, by putting your florin at B, you stake it on two numbers, 8 and 9; at C, on three numbers, 10, 11, and 12; at D, on four numbers; at E, on six numbers; and at F, on the twelve in that column. You may also stake on the twelve first numbers (12 P.—12 *premiers*—1 to 12), or the twelve middle (12 M.—13 to 24), or the twelve *derniers* (12 D.—25 to 36). In these cases, if the ball falls upon any of the numbers you stake upon, you win an amount proportional to the chances of each case respectively. Further, you may stake on the word *manque*, which comprises all the numbers from 1 to 18, or on the word *passee*, which comprises all from 19 to 36; the chances in this case being even.

At the commencement of each transaction, the croupier cries, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux," when the players lay down their stakes as they please; he then spins the wheel, throws the ball, and when it appears likely to fall, exclaims, "Rien ne va plus," after which nothing can be altered till the ball has entered one of the chambers, when the croupier announces the result, telling each effect, "Seize, rouge, pair, manque;" the payments are made, and "Faites vos jeux" is heard again.

There can be no doubt of the fairness of all this; for from the very erratic course of the ball, occupying perhaps a quarter of a minute, it is impossible the

croupier can exercise the slightest influence on its ultimate destination, which must therefore be determined by pure chance. So fair, indeed, is the transaction, that if there were nothing further than we have described, it is a matter of mathematical certainty that at the end of a long season's play the bank would neither have won nor lost materially, and would have had all their trouble for nothing. But we have now to see how it is that they make their profit. I have said that there are thirty-six numbered chambers into which the ball may fall; but in addition to these there are two others, marked 0 and 00 respectively. If the ball falls into the former, which is *rouge*, and counts also for *impair* and *manque*, the stakes on these do not win, but remain till the next turn; while those on *noir*, *pair*, *passee*, are lost in the usual manner. With double zero the same effect takes place with the contrary signs. Now the result of this is to give the bank, in each case, half the average stakes on both sides: hence, as we know that in the long run the ball will fall into one of the zeros once in every nineteen times, this gives the bank a profit of one thirty-eighth, or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all money laid on the two side spaces of the table.

In regard to the stakes on the *numbers* in the middle column the zeros act on a different principle—namely, by giving the bank an advantage of two holes in the probabilities: for example, if you stake a florin on No. 6, as there are thirty-seven other holes for the ball to fall into, it is 37 to 1 against your winning; but if you do win, the bank only pay you thirty-five florins. Thus, suppose you staked on No. 6 thirty-seven times, and the ball went the whole round of the circle, taking a different hole every time (this being equivalent to the effect of long-continued play), you would part with thirty-seven florins, and receive only thirty-five, the bank thus mulcting you of two thirty-sevenths, or nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of your total money staked. The stakes on the numbers are, however,

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always much less than those on the plain chances; probably we may take the advantage to the bank at 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the whole of the money laid down.¹

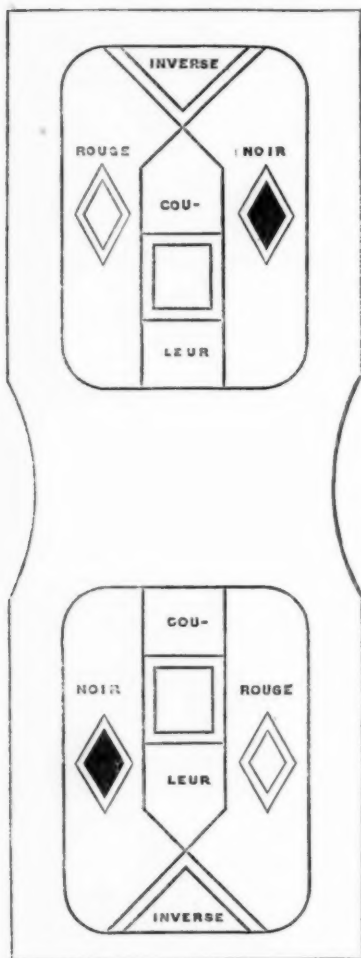
The second mode of obtaining chance events is by a process or simple game with cards called *trente et quarante*. It is simpler than roulette in one respect, as its object is merely to choose by hazard one out of two given things. This might be done in many simple ways,—as, for example, by tossing a penny; by cutting the pack and observing whether the card cut is black or red; by drawing one of two balls of different colours in a bag, and in many other modes: but all these are subject to some sort of suspicion, and custom has fixed on a method which, though more complicated, is supposed to be more open, and less admitting of question. Six packs of cards of fifty-two each being well shuffled together into one heap, the croupier takes a number of them, one by one, from the top, and lays them down face upwards in a row on the table; as the cards appear he adds together the number of pips on them (the court cards counting ten each, as at cribbage), and as soon as the number arrives above thirty, he stops, and names aloud the excess. He then lays down and counts a second row in like manner; and the point for decision is, Which of these rows will have the least excess above thirty? The first row is identified by the appellation *noir* (though there is nothing particularly black about it, and it might as well be called by any other name); the second is called *rouge*. If the second row has the lowest number, *rouge gagne*. If the first row is the lowest, *rouge perd* (they never say *noir gagne*).

The staking is much simpler than at

¹ In some places, where the play is high and prolonged, there is only one zero, reducing the profit of the bank by one-half. This is the case at Wiesbaden and Homburg, where play goes on for nearly the whole year; at Baden-Baden and Ems, where the bank is only open for the summer season, it is as described in the text.

roulette, as there are no numbers; the board is marked thus:—

TABLE FOR TRENTE ET QUARANTE.



and the players may stake on either *rouge* or *noir*. There is, however, another alternative—namely, to stake on the colour of the first card laid down, which is called *couleur*. If this colour wins, *couleur gagne*; if the other colour wins, *couleur perd*. For this the stakes

are placed on the middle divisions on the diagram—the long one, nearest the centre of the table, being for *couleur*, and the triangular one, at the end, for the opposite chance, which is called *contre-couleur*, or *inverse*.

An example will make this clear. Suppose the cards in the first row come thus,—9 (of clubs), 3, knave, 7, 6, so making 35, the croupier cries out “Cinq”: if the next row is king, queen, ace, 5, 3, 10, amounting to 39, he cries out “Neuf”; and announces the two results, “Rouge perd, couleur gagne.”

If the two rows are, say, 8 (of hearts), 4, queen, queen (= 32); 6, 7, 10, 8 (= 31), the result is “Rouge gagne et couleur.” If the two rows come equal, or “tie,” it goes for nothing (except in one case, hereafter mentioned), and a new deal is made.

When the deal is over, the cards are thrown into a receiver, and more are taken from the stock till exhausted.

The fairness of this is tested by the fullest scrutiny. The cards are well shuffled by the croupiers, or by any bystander who desires it, and are cut always by one of the public, so that any placing or sorting is out of the question. The manipulation also of the croupiers in laying the cards down is so open to observation, that, under the keen eyes of so many experienced and deeply interested observers, it would be next to impossible to practise any foul play.

The advantage of the bank in *trente et quarante* is obtained by the occurrence of 31 in each row, which is called a *refait*—in this case half the stakes down on the table go to the bank;¹ but it is usual to play for them, by removing them on to the small enclosed spaces in each division of the board, or, as it is called, “putting them in prison.” If, on the next coup, the players lose, the stakes are swept up in the usual way; but if they win, they get their stakes back without any addition.

The estimation theoretically of this

¹ At Wiesbaden and Homburg, to make a *refait* the last card must be black; if it is red, it is only an ordinary tie. This reduces the profit of the bank by one-half.

advantage is not so easy as at roulette, for the reason that the occurrence of all the numbers is not equally probable, the lower ones coming more frequently than the higher ones; mathematical calculation is difficult to apply, but I believe experience shows that 31 will come about 16 times in every 100, and 40 only about 5 times, the others varying between these limits. On this datum the *refait* will happen about 256 times in 10,000, which will give the bank in the long run a toll of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on all the stakes passing over the table.

The stakes, of course, vary enormously: the least stake usually allowed at roulette is one florin (1s. 8d.), and at *trente et quarante* five francs; the highest stake is limited to about 300*l.* or 400*l.* for any equal chance, and at roulette to about 5*l.* on a single number. To get at the average stakes would require long observation; for the time I was watching the play at Baden-Baden, I should estimate them roughly at 10*l.* for roulette, and 20*l.* for *trente et quarante*; and as each table will make about 500 *coups* a day at the former and 1,000 at the latter, we have a daily profit of about 150*l.* for each roulette, and 250*l.* for each *trente et quarante* table per day.

Irrespectively, however, of these mathematically demonstrable sources of profit, the bank reaps a considerable advantage in another and very curious way, dependent on moral considerations, to which I shall allude by and by. Taking this into account, we may assume that 250*l.* a day per table is not over the mark where the double zero and the perfect *refait* are adopted.

We may arrive at some check upon these estimates by actual facts. At Wiesbaden, where only half these amounts are taken, there are four, or sometimes five tables, in the season, and less in the winter: put the average at 300*l.* per day; as the play goes on for nearly the whole year, the profits should amount to something like 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* a year. Now, by a published record, it is shown that in one year the bank paid about the following amounts:—

	£
For the expense of the theatre . . .	4,750
For the maintenance of the public pleasure grounds	1,250
For music, concerts, and balls . . .	4,400
For building, lighting, furniture, news and reading-rooms, printing, service, &c. &c. in the public rooms . . .	7,450
Duties paid to the city and the state	10,500
Salaries	15,000
Charities	1,650
Dividends to the bank shareholders .	25,000
	£70,000

In addition to this the bank expended, during seven years, between 40,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* on the construction of public works in and near the city. The bank at Baden-Baden contributed largely to the building of the English church there, and offered to subscribe a good sum towards its endowment; but this was refused.

Let us now give a glance at the players, the people from whom these enormous sums are obtained. They appear to be divisible broadly into two great classes; namely, the habitual players, who play in earnest, and the occasional players, who play in jest, or, as the Germans express it, who “play at playing”—the *Spieler*.

The first class are very difficult to understand, and consist of several subdivisions, actuated by different motives. Many of them are, no doubt, induced to play by the hope of winning. It would seem strange, in the face of both logic and experience, that any reasonable person can expect to win in the long run; but so it is. Such is the ignorance prevalent as to the laws of chance, that most players of this class believe that the events occur according to some sort of law, or rule, which, by patient industry and intelligence (for many of them are very intelligent in their way), they may discover, and turn to their own advantage. Most of the regular players will be seen with small tablets in their hands, on which they mark the results of each *coup*; and they think that, by observation and reasoning on the past events, they may predict the future. In accordance with this idea numberless systems of play have been

devised, each asserted to be infallible in its beneficial results; and "operations against the bank" are spoken of as seriously as operations on the Stock Exchange. Of course, when tried they all fail, leaving the experimenter to conclude that the right mode has yet to be discovered, and that it may be his good fortune to find it out if he perseveres. After long watching habitual players, I am convinced that there exists among them an almost universal belief that the past influences the future, and that the future may be predicted by the exercise of some sort of skill. This impression is, I believe, encouraged by the bankers (who, however, know its fallacy full well) as a means of retaining their hold on the players, and no doubt it is one reason for preferring the peculiar mode of determining the chances used at *trente et quarante*. In the more simple modes, such as dice, elaborate calculations are hardly possible; but there is a great temptation for unscientific people to believe that the turning up of numbers from 312 known cards must follow some sort of rule, to find out which the contents of the six packs have been studied in every possible way with the most indefatigable industry. Many of the so-called systems are aimed at the repeated occurrence of the same chance (such, for example, as red winning several times successively), which experience shows will frequently occur. There are two general modes of play in which these sequences are taken into account. In one, called the *martingale*, you pocket anything you win, but double your stake on the same colour up to a certain point, whenever you lose: in the other, called the *paroli*, you pay the single stake whenever you lose; but when it wins, you let the double stake lie up to a certain number. The *paroli* is a great favourite with the Russians, and it explains why they are so often thought to win enormously: a man will venture, say at a 5*l.* stake, for a run of eight times on one colour, which will frequently come, and when it *does* come (barring the *refait*), he will go off with 1,000*l.*, which astounds the lookers-on;

but they do not know how much he has lost in waiting for the occurrence. Most of the so-called systems depend on combinations of the *martingale* and *paroli*.

I have now before me a book written with more than usual knowledge of the subject, in which many delusions are exposed; but the author still seems to believe in the existence of *some* scheme by which the bank might infallibly be ruined. This is a delusion like the rest, as the continued and uniform profit of the bank sufficiently proves—if, indeed, any experimental proof is wanting of a principle so fully demonstrable by theory. It is absolutely certain that any player, who goes on for a good length of time, must lose just about the percentage on his stakes which the bank wins; the great gains and losses which sometimes occur are the result of very short operations with very large stakes, in which, of course, the effect of "luck" will be very powerful. The bank, by their large capital, can afford the risk of these, knowing they will balance themselves in the long run, and they guard against very great reverses by their limitation of the stakes; but players of moderate means may, by high stakes, either gain large sums or ruin themselves in a very short time; and it is the hope of the former, unchecked by fear of the latter, which often forms an inducement to high play.

The second class of players are those who play only occasionally. These are chiefly visitors at the watering-places, who think it the right thing to try their luck at the tables: a steady English paterfamilias, for example, who would be horrified at anything like "systematic gambling" at home, will here not hesitate to venture a few napoleons for the fun of the thing; and not improbably his wife or daughter may coax from him a few additional florins to speculate for that pretty bracelet, or that handsome shawl offered so temptingly in the shops close by. Players of this class are really the best customers the banks have, for a curious reason:

they are usually sensible and cautious, and generally put a limit to their losses; and it is this fact which tells so powerfully in the bank's favour. When they begin to play, it is an equal chance whether they win or lose. If they win, they almost always go on playing, and the longer they go on the less likely are they to remain winners, and they will probably leave off as they began; but, if they lose, they get alarmed, and as soon as the limit is arrived at they stop, and put up with a moderate loss rather than risk a more serious one. Hence, owing to this moral hesitation, the play becomes unequal, greatly favouring the bank; for we may take it for granted that half the people, if not more, who play in this spirit must go away losers. This is the real reason why we hear so much more of visitors losing than winning at the tables; and not, as is generally supposed, any unfairness, or even the legitimate preponderance in favour of the bank, which is too small to be felt much by a single moderate player. In every case, whether caused by prudence, exhaustion of funds, or otherwise, where a player leaves off a considerable loser, instead of going on to equalise his fortune (which would be really the more prudent course), he gives the bank an unfair advantage over him, and contributes in an undue degree to its gains.

These institutions will soon be, in Germany as they now are in France, matters of the past, the Government of the Fatherland having resolved to get rid of them in 1872. But as the attractions of the watering-places have been mainly kept up by funds contributed by

the banks, the inhabitants have considerable misgivings as to their future, and we must wait and see what Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Ems will be when the Boards of Green Cloth no longer exist there.

I have met with a gambling story which is worth transcribing. The Spaniards are very fond of a game called *Monte*, which is played thus:—Some person, who acts as banker, lays down two cards taken at hazard from the pack, say a knave and an eight, and any number of persons may stake on either of these. The banker then turns up the pack, and takes the cards one by one from the bottom, and the first card that appears similar to either of the two, the knave or the eight, causes the corresponding card laid down to win, and the other to lose. A young fellow in Cadiz was acting as banker, and had laid down a king and a ten; but, before the staking was completed, he was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, during which he dropped his handkerchief, and in stooping to pick it up he allowed the bottom card, a king, to be seen. When he had recovered himself, he found the stakes much larger than before, and all placed on the king. He expressed some surprise, and asked for explanation, but nobody gave it; he proceeded with the game, when the first card shown proved to be a *ten*. He swept up the stakes, made a low bow, and retired; and although, when the players recovered from their shock, deadly vengeance was vowed against him, the story does not say that it was ever carried into execution.

W. P.

ON CATHEDRAL WORK.

BY BROOKE F. WESTCOTT,
Canon of Peterborough.

Ἐν μέτρῳ ἐνὸς ἐκάστου μέρους.—EPH. iv. 16.

THE most conspicuous schemes of cathedral reform which have lately gained currency appear to agree in one respect: they are all alike formed without any attempt to understand, still less to realize, the essential ideas which were first contemplated in cathedral foundations.¹ It is indeed possible that later experience may have shown that the objects to which they were directed are unattainable, or even mischievous; but it is equally possible that recurrent phases of life may render objects which have long been treated with indifference once again of paramount moment. Under any circumstances it must be of vital importance in dealing with the organization of a complex society, which has survived and embodies a long history, to appreciate the spirit with which it was originally animated, and the functions which it was designed to discharge. Reform conducted without this knowledge, however honestly conceived and carried out, can only be destructive; and it is not too much to say that most of the inherent and permanent evils of our present cathedral system are due to provisions of the Act of 1840, which, based upon the popular conception of cathedral bodies at the time, first crippled their resources, and then destroyed or obscured their special work. While, then, further changes in their constitution or in their action seem to be alike imminent and desirable, it cannot be amiss to consider, first, What cathedral bodies in the first instance were designed to be

and to do; secondly, Whether there is yet scope for the effectual operation of such a type of society in our Church now; and finally, How far, if this be so, the true lines of reform are already laid down in the ancient statutes which in almost all the foundations retain an unrepealed though modified authority.¹

¹ It may be interesting to record the position in which our cathedrals stand with regard to statutes. The following table is drawn up from the evidence in the Appendix to the Report of the Commission of 1852.

1. Cathedrals of the Old Foundation:—

(a) York. Statutes of Henry VIII., William III., George III.

St. Paul's. "Governed under ancient statutes."

Chichester. "Governed by ancient statutes, altered by the statutes of 1573."

Exeter. "Governed under statutes enacted by various Bishops of Exeter as visitors, 1268—1712."

Hereford. "Governed by custom . . . and by statutes or charters of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I."

Lichfield. "Governed by statutes given by Bishops of Lichfield as visitors, 1185—1699."

Lincoln. "Governed by ancient statutes prior to 1440."

Salisbury. "Governed by episcopal or caputular statutes, 1092—1851."

Wells. "Remodelled by charter of 34th Queen Elizabeth."

(b) Bangor. "No statutes extant."

St. David's. "Governed by a succession of" episcopal and caputular "statutes from 1224 to the present time."

St. Asaph?

Llandaff?

2. Cathedrals of the New Foundation:—

Bristol.

Carlisle.

Chester.

Gloucester.

Peterborough.

Rochester.

Worcester.

} Original statutes of
Henry VIII.

Durham. Statutes of Henry VIII.
confirmed by Philip and Mary.

¹ There is however one signal exception: the Commissioners of 1852 conducted their inquiry according to their instructions, "having regard to the purposes for which cathedrals were originally founded," and the result was an unrivalled collection of documents and statistics, and a report which both in spirit and in detail is of the highest value, though it has remained wholly inoperative.

I.

Four great principles, as it seems, underlie the constitution which is outlined in all cathedral statutes. Two contain the theory of cathedral life; two contain the theory of cathedral work. The life is framed on the basis of *systematic devotion and corporate action*; the work is regulated by the requirements of *theological study and religious education*. Considerable differences in detail exist in the old and new foundations as to the mode of realizing these fundamental objects; but the objects themselves are distinctly contemplated in both, and the peculiar form of the provisions made to secure them is due

Canterbury. Statutes of Henry VIII. revised by Charles I.

Norwich. Statutes of James I. revised by Charles I.

Ely. Statutes of Henry VIII. revised by Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. Oxford?

Winchester?

3. Ripon. Statutes of James I.

Manchester. Charter of Charles I.

The information here given is in many respects vague and unsatisfactory. The statutes of the Old Foundation could not be "fundamentally changed" without the authority of Parliament (Third Report, ix.); and the statutes of the New Foundation, drawn up by Henry VIII., not having been "indented and sealed," had no legal authority, nor was legal power reserved to his successors to confirm or modify them. The confirmation of the statutes of Durham was made under a special Act; and Queen Elizabeth also received the power of revision and confirmation. The statutes of Durham therefore, and the Elizabethan statutes of Ely, alone appear to have binding authority. As disputes arose in the other cathedral bodies, an Act was at last passed (6 Anne, 21) which laid down that "*Such statutes as have been usually received and practised . . . since the late happy return of King Charles II. . . . shall be the statutes of the said churches . . . so far as the same . . . are in no manner repugnant to or inconsistent with the constitution of the Church of England as the same is by law established as the law of the land: provided that it shall be lawful for her Majesty during her life . . . to amend . . .*" This Act, as was said in an opinion upon it, was "drawn in a loose and doubtful manner," and nothing can well be more unsatisfactory; but the only remedy lies with Parliament. See Burn's *Eccles. Law*, s. v. Dean and Chapter.

to the characteristic circumstances of the times in which they were first enacted. Thus, a comparison of the constitution of the old foundation with that of the new furnishes important hints for later reconstruction, by bringing out clearly the general direction of salutary changes. Step by step the missionary character which belonged to the earliest cathedrals was laid aside. Education, in its widest sense, assumed at the same time a more important place in their office. At last they were definitely regarded as centres of all the civilizing influences, material, intellectual, and spiritual, by which the great English Reformers sought to mould in a religious type the new world to which they looked.¹ With due regard to this development, the chief illustrations of the theory of cathedral estab-

¹ The comprehensiveness of the objects of Henry the Eighth's Foundations is nobly expressed in a clause from their charters (A.D. 1541), which cannot be too often quoted or too carefully weighed:—

"Nos, . . . divina clementia inspirante, nihil magis ex animo affectantes quam ut vera religio, verusque Dei cultus, . . . non modo inibi [i.e. in the site of the late monastery] non aboleatur, sed in integrum potius restitatur et ad primitivam sue genuine sinceritatis normam reformetur . . . operam dedimus, quatenus humana prospicere potest infirmitas, ut in posterum ibidem sacrorum eloquiorum documenta et nostræ redemptionis sacramenta pure administrentur, bonorum morum disciplina sincere observetur, juvenus in litteris liberaliter instituat, senectus viribus defectiva, eorum præsertim qui circa personam nostram, vel aliquin circa regni nostri negotia publice et fideliter nobis servierint, rebus ad victum necessariis condigne foveatur, ut denique elemosinarum in pauperes Christi largitiones, viarum pontiumque reparationes, et cetera omnis generis pietatis officia illinc exuberanter in omnia vicina loca longe lateque dimanent, ad Dei Omnipotentis gloriam, et ad subditorum nostrorum communem utilitatem felicitatemque: idcirco . . ." (*Charter of Chester*, App. to Report, 1852, p. 73). In the translation of this passage given in the First Report, page x., *liberaliter* is translated "freely," there can be no doubt wrongly. In the preamble of the Act empowering the King to erect Cathedral Churches, mention is made of "readers of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, to have good stipend," who are to be connected with them. (Burnet, i. App. First Report, xxxix.) Compare also the preamble to the Elizabethan statutes of Ely. (App. to Report, p. 62.)

lishments now to be proposed will be taken from the statutes of the new foundation, because these reflect distinctly the spirit of those ecclesiastical statesmen who had felt the immediate influence of the revival of letters, and had not uncertainly divined the part which free thought would play in the later ages of the Church.

1. In some aspects, the conception of cathedral life as defined above—a life of systematic devotion and corporate fellowship—is more remote from modern forms of thought than the conception of cathedral work; and yet, in other aspects, it is that towards which the popular instinct is most certainly turning. We have become so familiar with the value of analysis, and organization, and forethought, and discipline in the other regions of speculation and action, that the question is again frequently rising, whether devotion, the highest function of man, is alone incapable of practical study? whether it can in no sense be made the business of life? whether there is no room here for a science reared upon experience? And on the other hand, the social evils of the time are such as can be best met, perhaps only met, by corporate union. An individual is powerless to stem the current of luxury, or to give adequate expression to the deep desire for a simpler and truer mode of living which is everywhere waiting to make itself felt. A combination of families might do much in both directions.

Without attempting to draw out at length the provisions in our cathedral statutes which are framed for the realization of these two principles of systematic devotion and corporate life, one or two examples will show that they really occupy that place in the system, as it was originally framed, which has been assigned to them. The members of the chapter are said by the charters of Henry VIII. "to be wholly and for ever devoted to the service of Almighty God."¹ "Constant prayers and supplications are to be offered up

¹ "Omnipotenti Deo omnia et in perpetuum servituri."—*App. to Report*, p. 59.

"decently and in order;" and "the praise of God is to be celebrated daily with singing and hearty thanksgiving;"¹ or, as the same idea is expressed in the king's words even more strongly, "we have determined that in this our Church God shall be worshipped with hymns, psalms, and continual prayers."² At the same time, thoughtful provisions were made for the realization of a true social fellowship. The mutual relations of the different officers are specified with minute care. The dean is as the eye of the body; the canons are the members; "by the suggestion whereof we will and command," so the statutes run, "that with devout affection they consult for the common good."³ For the rest, hospitality is enjoined as a necessary duty on the members of the chapter; and the emoluments of each post are made to depend in some degree upon the measures taken to fulfil it.⁴ "The dean," it is enacted, "shall always maintain a respectable and sufficient household, study hospitality, distribute bread to the poor, and in all things creditably and frugally conduct himself. Moreover, the bishop shall reprove the dean if unduly sparing, and the dean shall rebuke and correct the canons if they run into the same fault."⁵ The "ministers" of the Church, on their part, are provided with a common table; and in due gradations the whole society is sensibly reminded that it shares a common life and is devoted to a common service.

2. These provisions define with sufficient exactness the character which Henry desired to impress upon cathedral life. The outline of cathedral work is drawn with equal distinctness in the foundation charters; and at the risk of some repetition it will be well to quote

¹ *Statutes of Peterborough*, chap. 32.

² *Id.* chap. 20. The duty of the daily performance of divine service is assigned to "the minor canons and clerks, with the deacon and subdeacon and master of the choristers" (organist), chap. 32.

³ *Id.* chap. 4, 16.

⁴ *Id.* chap. 14.

⁵ *Id.* chap. 4; compare chap. 14.

at length the enumeration of the various objects which the king proposed to himself in substituting cathedrals for the monasteries which he had suppressed. They were established, so the Act runs, that "for the future the lessons (*documenta*) of the sacred Scriptures and "the Sacraments of our saving redemption may be purely administered, the "discipline of good manners observed, "the young liberally instructed, the "aged and infirm, especially such as "have been well and faithfully engaged "in public services, worthily supported; "that alms may be bountifully bestowed "on the poor of Christ; that roads and "bridges may be repaired, and similar "offices of piety may be largely fulfilled "by them, and spread far and wide over "all the neighbourhood, to the glory of "Almighty God and the common advantage and happiness of our subjects." This characteristic combination of sacred and secular learning, of works of charity and of material progress, is particularly worthy of notice; and though some of the duties with which the chapters are here charged have rightly passed into other hands, this original commission may serve to mark the wide range of interests which it is their office to harmonize, and the catholic interpretation which is placed upon the practical destination of religion.

In the preamble to the statutes the objects of the new foundation are summarized more briefly; but in this the same general scope is observed. The chapters are instituted to secure pure worship, diligent and pure preaching of the Gospel, the education of the young, the maintenance of the poor. In the statutes themselves stress is laid upon the same points. Of worship and alms nothing more need now be said; but the injunctions in regard to preaching and education are of the highest interest. "Forasmuch as the Word of God is a "lantern to our feet, we do appoint and "will that the dean and canons be "diligent in disseminating the Word of "God as well elsewhere in the diocese " . . . as especially in our cathedral

"church. . . ."¹ And again: "To the "end that piety and sound learning "may in our Church for ever grow and "flourish, and in their season bring "forth fruit to the glory of God and to "the benefit and honour of the common-wealth, we do appoint and ordain that " . . . the dean and chapter elect . . . "always in our Church . . . twenty poor "boys, who shall be sustained out of "the funds of our Church conformably "with the limitation of our statutes. . . . "And we will that the teachers of the "boys diligently and faithfully comply "with the rules and order of teaching "which the dean and chapter shall "think fit to prescribe."² These two comprehensive statutes mark out with wise moderation the office which the cathedral bodies had to fulfil as learners and teachers. The ends are set before them, and the general course which they are to follow; but for the rest they are left to judge in what way they can best fulfil their charge. Large discretion is combined with grave responsibility, and they are encouraged to revise and modify from time to time both the subjects and the methods of instruction.

The constitution of the new foundation was not indeed adopted without careful deliberation. The monasteries were suppressed in 1538. In 1539 an Act was passed giving an outline of the purpose of the king in the establishment of additional cathedrals, and towards the close of the year Cromwell had prepared a scheme for the reconstruction of Canterbury, which he submitted to Crammer. This was drawn up on a most comprehensive model, and included a provost, twelve prebendaries, six preachers, readers in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Civil Law, and Physic, sixty scholars, and twenty students in Divinity—ten at Oxford and ten at Cambridge—with the staff required for the services of the cathedral. Crammer, in his reply, speaks of the proposed "foundation as a very substantial and godly" one, and, while he fully accepts the liberal conception

¹ *Statutes of Peterborough*, chap. 13. Compare *Canon* 43 (1603).

² *Id.* chap. 26.

of the "establishment," suggests some changes which might give it still wider efficiency. On one point, however, he writes with something of bitterness, and signalizes evils in the old foundations which he was eager and even impatient to guard against. In these, with the exception of three or four chief officers, the prebendaries had been left without characteristic religious duties, and so had commonly become "neither learners nor teachers, but good vianders." "When learned men have been admitted into such room," he continues, "many times they have desisted from their good and godly studies and all other Christian exercises of preaching and teaching. Wherefore . . . I would wish that not only the name of a prebendary were exiled his Grace's foundations, but also the superfluous conditions of such persons."¹ No other direct evidence remains, as far as I am aware, to show what Cranmer's personal views were with regard to the new foundation. According to Burnet he was disappointed by the scheme which was adopted, having himself proposed that "in every cathedral there should be provision made for readers of divinity and of Greek and Hebrew; and a great number of students, to be both exercised in the daily worship of God, and trained up in study and devotion, whom the Bishop might transplant out of this nursery into all parts of his diocese; and thus every Bishop should have a college of clergymen under his eye to be preferred according to their merit."² These proposals, Burnet adds, were thwarted by the extreme Catholic party, who were then regaining favour at Court; but it is evident that, whatever influence these men may have exercised, the essentials of Cranmer's plan were retained. No

attempt was made to imitate the specific professoriate of the universities, or to supersede their office in training the clergy. The course followed was indeed the wisest possible. The old constitution of cathedrals was still kept, but new spirit was infused into it. Even the objectionable name of "prebendary" was preserved, while definite work was attached to the office, representing that form of learned labour which was most needed at the time.

It is unnecessary to follow out in detail the changes which were afterwards made in the administration of the new cathedrals. One measure of Queen Elizabeth, however, deserves special regard. The attention of the queen was directed to the cathedrals immediately upon her accession, and a commission was appointed in 1559 (Aug. 28) which exhibited some remarkable injunctions to Oxford, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Lichfield. It is possible that during the troubles of the last two reigns the chapters had neglected their peculiar duties, and fulfilled Cranmer's fear; but at any rate the commissioners insist with marked emphasis on their obligations to learn and to teach. Thus, among other instructions, the following occur:¹—

"8. You shall make a Library in some convenient place within your church within the space of one year next ensuing this visitation, and shall lay in the same the works of St. Augustine, Basil, Gregory Nazianzene, Jerome, Ambrose, Chrysostom and Cyprian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Justinus M., Theophylactus, Paraphrasis and Annotationes Erasmi in Nov. Test., and other good writers."

"22. Your ministers in every cathedral church shall daily, one or another, immediately after the First Lesson make a brief sermon or exposition of the same: and that to be done in the quire openly."

¹ Letter 269 (Nov. 29, 1539). The letter follows that in which he speaks to Cromwell of the Preface which he had written for the new edition of the Great Bible, which appeared in April 1540.

² *Hist. of Reformation*, Book iii. (l. p. 545), A.D. 1540. Burnet's reference is probably to the preamble of the Act of 1539. See above, p. 247, note 1.

¹ The quotations are made from Bishop Kennett's transcript in his interleaved copy of Gunton's "History of Peterborough." The original manuscript I have not yet been able to find.

"24. You shall have weekly, thrice every week, a lecture of Divinity in English within your church, to be read at nine of the clock before noon in the chapter-house or some other more convenient place openly, so that all people may resort and come to it; and you shall appoint some learned man to read it, and shall give him 20*l.* in yearly stipend;¹ and all your prebendaries and canons shall be present at every lecture unless there be some lawful excuse."

Something also was done to extend the opportunities of common worship. An additional early service was enjoined, that "the scholars of the grammar school and all other well-disposed persons and artificers may daily resort thereunto."² Nor were the peculiar marks of cathedral hospitality forgotten: relief is to be given to "the poor wayfaring man, honest and needy persons, and especially such as be poor ministers

"of the Church."¹ The last clause points to another charge imposed upon chapters, which is, not only to support, but also to provide "ministers in the Church," to which end they were to prefer as foundation-scholars in their schools such as "were like hereafter by that vocation to serve God and the commonwealth."

How far these injunctions were carried out it is impossible to determine. At Peterborough, to take a single instance, they led to a long and angry controversy between the chapter and the bishop (Scambler). No appointment was made to the lectureship till 1588, and that is the only appointment of which any record is preserved, though inquiries on the subject were instituted as late as the archbishop's Articles of 1633. Of the exposition of the First Lesson no trace, as far as I can discover, remains. The common table, if it ever existed to its full extent, was already broken up in 1570, when the bishop authorized the minor canons "to receive full stipend without making their payment to it."² Thus, in every respect, the working of the cathedrals from the first fell far short of the ideal of their constitution.

¹ It is to be observed that the lecturer was an addition to the cathedral staff.

² *Inj.* 21. In the statutes of Canterbury (as revised by Archbishop Laud) a short early plain service is thus enjoined: "*Preces matutine, sine cantu summarie tamen, et cum unica tantum lectione, si visum fuerit, recitentur.*"—*App. to Report*, p. xx. n.

¹ *Inj.* 10.

² MS. Injunctions.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XLV.

BEFORE THE RIVEN ROCK.

THE wind had risen suddenly, driving a cloud of mist before it along the course of the Gave. Suddenly, while the alp was still filled with sunshine, the valley below was hidden as with a white pall.

"The storm!" exclaimed both together.

"What shall we do?" Estelle asked, in some anxiety, yet with a feeling of relief at Nature's supplying a topic so far removed from the range of sentiment, and so closely allied to the prosaic reality of a thorough wetting.

"We must stay here and watch it. We could not see our way down there now. But, with this wind, the path by the Gave will be cleared before very long." He spoke with the tone of decision a woman most naturally obeys.

Estelle sat quiet for a moment. Then, womanlike, reverting to possibilities, "I am sorry now that I came up so far. Mamma and Lady Vivian will be frightened."

"I for one," Sir Louis replied, "am not sorry I came up so far. And I think Lady Vivian will survive the fright."

Estelle made no reply, but gathered up her brushes and replaced them in the paint-box. As she held up her sketch for a moment to see whether it had dried, before shutting her book, a gust of wind caught a loose leaf already sketched on, and whirled it round fantastically before her. She laid down her sketch-book and made a dart at it. Driven by the wind, it eddied farther and farther away, she following, to the very edge of the alp, where the short grass suddenly gave way to a flat wall of naked rock, terminated twenty feet below by a chaos of boulders and water-worn pebbles. At the very edge of the

grass the paper was tossed back as by an invisible hand. She clutched it, and at the same moment flung herself on the grass, catching at the stunted herbage with a cry of terror.

One step more, and she had lost her balance; the white fog-pall had closed over her life. It was climbing, crawling, stealthily and silent, already more than half-way up the flat face of the rock.

Her cry was echoed, then re-echoed among the rifts and crags above. Before the first echo had died away, Sir Louis was by her side with his arm thrown round her. He brought her back to her former seat, and made her lean against the rock. For a moment neither spoke.

"Good God!" he exclaimed at last, grasping her tightly by the arm, "you were nearly gone! How could you be so reckless?"

Her head swam, and she shut her eyes. She scarcely heard him, scarcely felt his hand on her arm. "It was the surprise," she said faintly; "the surprise of seeing the fog rolling up close to that wall of rock. I have often looked over before without being frightened."

"If you had gone," he went on passionately, with lips as white as her own; "if you had gone I would have followed! I never would have returned to Cauterets without you. Estelle, be what Fate has made you in this world: in the next you should have been mine!"

"Hush, hush!" she whispered. "Your wife, your children. Think of them; think of little Maudie and Bessie. Why, you have more to bind you to life than even I have."

"Ah, then you do acknowledge some ties to life," he went on. "Well for you! But for me, let the barrier of conventionalities be once broken, as now; let our two souls once stand face to face, and see; the truth will out.

I love you, Estelle! I loved you the day I first saw you, and I shall love you on to the end."

"Hush, hush! Indeed you must not speak so," she said imploringly by voice and gesture. "Hush! You forget."

"I forget nothing," he replied. "And I will speak. Are you so happy, that you scorn to let me ease my mind by speaking this once? If you choose, I will hold my peace ever after. But this once I will speak; for I have just seen you face to face with death. Estelle, we have both made our choice; or say our choice was made for us, and we were trapped into acceptance:—it matters little. So be it. It cannot be changed. But I speak now of myself, as I have learnt to know myself, there is that in me that cannot be changed, either. Why do you shake your head? Why do you turn away? Is change so fine a thing that you covet it? Is disloyalty to my love a thing you, faithful by nature, should rejoice at? What do I ask of you? To see you, as often as I may. Is that so much? Do I ask even a kind word? Oh, Estelle, be just; I do not say, 'be generous.'"

"What you ask, little as you call it," she said, with trembling lips, "you know is more than I can grant—more than I ought to grant even if I could. And it would do you no good."

"That is scarcely the question," he replied. "Granted that it would do me no good, it could do you no harm. Mind, I do not ask even so much as the kind word you would throw your dog when he wags his tail as you pass. Only let me be. Does the sun, I wonder, grudge his warmth to the grey lizard that basks on the stone? I am the lizard, if you will; you are my sun, Estelle."

It was impossible to stop him, now. Silence she kept too, as best for the wildly-beating heart that was ready to betray her.

"If only," he went on, "I could dare hope that you would trust me as a brother, if ever the time came that you were in want of a friend, in want of kindness; I do not say I wish for such

a time: God forbid! Only, if such a time did come, if ever you wanted help or counsel of any kind——"

She stopped him with a wave of her hand. Her heart might burst, but she would not let it speak. No. There should be lip-loyalty to Raymond, if she died for it.

"You forget strangely, Sir Louis. I cannot be in want of help or counsel while I have my husband."

"Forgive me," he rejoined, "if I read your face so that I believed, or feared, that you might not find help or counsel where a woman naturally seeks it."

"My face told a false tale if it told aught except this: that I have a husband who loves me better than I deserve," she said, resolutely turning her face towards him.

"Well for you, Madame, if it is so. I can but ask pardon once more for a mistake—a mistake," he went on, relapsing into his old bitterness of manner, "into which I was the more easily led, perhaps, from my own domestic relations presenting anything but an Elysian aspect."

What could she do, but forgive him in her heart?

"Do not speak of that," she said kindly. "As you said yourself, there are some things best undiscussed. Will you carry my paint-box?" she said, rising. "I think the fog has rolled deeper down the valley. If only the path as far as La Raillère is clear, we may venture."

Sir Louis took the paint-box and followed her down by the easier path he had taken with the idiot. He looked at the paint-box, and knew it for the same old one she had always had. He put it against his cheek for a moment; then lent his whole attention to their safe descent to the point where he had tied his horse.

The idiot was out of sight; sleeping most likely under a bush, or in a cleft of rock, Estelle said: he would have sense enough to shelter himself from the weather. They got down safely as far as Mahourat, and there the fog stopped them short; a wild gust of wind was blowing it

upwards. Suddenly the air darkened. From above, below, around, clouds were rolling, gathering speed and volume as they travelled. Estelle and Sir Louis looked at the path, barred a few feet in front of them, and then at each other in dismay.

"We are in the very midst of the storm," cried Estelle. "Look, even the horse is afraid!"

Her outspoken fear made him express more assurance than he felt. "The horse knows that rain and thunder are coming," said he. "But neither will do him any harm. Now he does not think about the lightning, which might just possibly hurt him, though there are a hundred chances to one it does not. Let us get away from the trees. Come this side, Madame, where those round boulders will shelter us from the worst of the wind."

She did as she was told, and waited trembling. They were nearly opposite the platform where stood, overhanging the Gave, the granite crag Sir Louis had bid her remember just before. From behind the crag, attracted by the sound of their voices, crept the idiot Celestin. He came towards them, half crawling, half running, and crept close to the horse, with foolish gestures of entreaty.

"Curious! He seems frightened," said Sir Louis, "and yet he was sitting in what to my knowledge is a spot to try any man's head even on a clear calm day. Why should he choose that spot, I wonder?"

He had scarcely spoken, when a blaze of fire filled the space before them. The clouds overhead met and rolled back with an awful reverberation; the granite crag rocked, split asunder, half rolling down into the torrent, the other half remaining, a monument of its own power of resistance; in less than a moment it was hid from their sight by the storm-cloud driving down from the gorge of the Pont d'Espagne.

Estelle gave a faint cry. Blinded by the lightning, deafened by the roar of the wind and the thunder, she threw herself against Sir Louis, quivering from head to foot.

"Louis, Louis, save me!" she cried, in pure physical terror.

The old voice, the old words. Silently he put his arm round her. In spite of the obvious danger, he felt glad, happy beyond what he had dared hope. She had wanted help, and she had called him—in her old frank, outspoken voice. So be it, now and always. He was her slave, her tool, to be used when she had a use for him, thrown aside when the need was over. So he had not lived quite in vain after all.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE ORDEAL.

ALL that night, as she lay shuddering and storm-driven in her dreams—all the next day, with the lightning flashing across her eyes whenever she closed them, with the roar of the thunder and the crash of the falling rock still ringing in her ears—Estelle's one thought was that she must go back to her husband.

Her mother coming in suddenly found her up, and sitting with her writing-book before her. Invoking the name of the chief physician of the place, Mrs. Russell ordered her instantly back to her bed again.

"When I have written to Raymond, Mamma."

"I have written to him already. You quite frightened me last night. I thought you were going to be ill; and of course if anything happened to you while you were with me, Raymond would take me to task for not having taken better care of you."

"Raymond will take nobody but myself to task; Raymond is always just," Estelle said, half to herself. Then anxiously: "But do you think he will come? Are you sure he will come, Mamma?"

"If he does not, I shall be extremely surprised," Mrs. Russell answered loftily.

"Will Madame la Comtesse receive Miladi Vivian?" asked Lisette, coming in.

Estelle's pale face flushed. "Oh,

Mamma, what am I to do? Must I see her?"

Mrs. Russell looked displeased. "She had much better keep to her own rooms and nurse that unfortunate husband of hers. She makes his home odious to him, and then complains because he wanders about and exposes himself to the weather. I am going in to see him myself to-day, poor fellow. If you do let Lady Vivian in, don't let her stay more than five minutes."

"My dear creature, what a fever you are in!" was her ladyship's exclamation, as she touched Estelle's hand. "You won't mind my not kissing you? Because I always feel so nervous at kissing any one who is feverish, on the dear children's account. One never knows what it's going to turn out, in this hot country."

Estelle almost laughed, ill as she felt. It was mostly the fear that Lady Vivian would kiss her which had made her wish to deny her admittance, and which made her hands so hot and her cheek so flushed.

"Well, do tell me exactly what the doctor thinks of you?" pursued her ladyship, as she mentally criticised the cut of Estelle's dressing-gown.

Estelle evaded the question. She did not believe the doctor thought anything in particular. She had got wet through and had had a fright. The case seemed plain enough, did it not?

"I know Mrs. Russell had made up her mind last night that you were going to have an illness of some sort. You needn't tell her I told you that, of course," said Lady Vivian; "I daresay it was nothing but nervousness. I only hope my husband is not going to be dreadfully ill. I said to him yesterday as soon as ever I saw him, 'Now, Louis, you're in for an attack of pleurisy.' And I know his valet was messing about mustard or something this morning; my maid told me so. But my husband is so odd, you know. He doesn't like anybody to know anything about his ailments. Would you believe it? he has had blisters on, and I have never known it till ever so long afterwards! He's very odd. Like his mother, I suppose."

"Indeed! Who was Mrs. Vivian?" Estelle asked, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, my dear, a person of no family at all! You won't find her in 'Debrett' or 'Dodd' either. She's Irish; and when one has said that, one has said everything. I believe her to be a well-meaning sort of woman in her way, but she is a person I have always found it necessary to keep at arm's length, you understand. Whenever we are at the Court I am in a tremor lest either of the dear children should learn to imitate her horrid Dublin accent. Children are such mimics, you know."

Estelle was thankful for her mother's entrance at this juncture. Mrs. Russell dismissed Lady Vivian with but little ceremony, and sent her daughter back to bed.

How terribly long the hours seemed! She found herself calculating over and over again the time that must elapse before Raymond could come to her; found herself repeating "The day after to-morrow, the day after to-morrow;" then forgetting, then calculating again. The third day came, and neither Raymond nor a letter. Mrs. Russell was discomposed and anxious. All day her daughter reiterated the question, "When will Raymond come?"

"I will write again if you like," Mrs. Russell said at last, willing to humour what she believed to be a sick fancy.

"Tell him to make haste," Estelle said. "I cannot wait. If he does not come to-morrow, I shall set off."

Wearied with her daughter's restlessness, Mrs. Russell accepted Lady Vivian's invitation to take an evening drive, and left Estelle under the charge of Lisette, who answered all the divers injunctions laid upon her with an invariable, "You may depend upon me, Madame."

Lisette imagined that her mistress wanted amusement, and did her best to keep up an unceasing flow of small-talk; succeeding at last in driving Estelle to the borders of distraction.

Seeing that her attempts at amusing Madame la Comtesse only resulted in

Madame's resolutely turning to the wall and shutting her eyes, the waiting-maid left the room, and presently returned with a glass of sugared-water, flavoured with the inevitable orange-flower water; and a message from Sir Louis Vivian.

He wished to know how Madame was. Twice a day had Lisette received the same message from the valet, and had returned what answer she chose. Now, she imagined, it might amuse Madame to speak English, and talk over the events of the storm, the fright, and so on, with the companion of her misadventure. "I saw him myself," said Lisette, "this poor gentleman. He looks ill indeed; worse than Madame."

Estelle took a sudden resolution. Five minutes later she was in the drawing-room, face to face with Sir Louis. She forced herself to look at him well. Then, having looked her full, she turned her eyes away, thinking that it was well indeed she had resolved on going back to her husband.

"I can only stay here a few minutes," she said, as soon as she had nerved herself to speak. "But it was as well for me to see you, because I have something to say which I could trust to no messenger. You said, up yonder on the mountain, that all you asked, all you cared for, was to see me. You did not ask for kindness, only to be let see me. Little enough it seemed. So little, that many a woman would have granted it from pure good nature. So little, that many a man, if he had cared to ask at all, would have dared more—asked for more."

Sir Louis bent forward breathlessly. She turned paler and paler as she spoke, and her voice became almost inaudible.

"Hear me out," she went on, raising her hand as he would have spoken. "Let me say what I have to say, first. You were always kind and good. Try to think kindly of me still, when I tell you that for my own sake I cannot see you any more. You said it could do me no harm, and was the only thing you cared for. It would do me harm, Sir Louis, such harm as I dare not risk.

For I do not belong to myself alone, I belong to my husband."

"You wrong yourself, Madame!" Sir Louis exclaimed hastily. "If what you have been saying is the consequence of any chance word or look of mine, it is I who am to blame, not you. O Madame, believe me, no knight in the age of chivalry ever served his lady with less hope of guerdon than I would serve you, if I might. Guerdon! As I said, to see you is guerdon beyond my deserts. And, Madame—forgive me, if I speak of myself and my own miseries—I do not think it will be for very long—I am sure it cannot be for very long. Tell me, Madame, in the vile prisons of the South, do not they let the condemned criminal feast, the day before his execution, as he never feasted in his life? I am condemned. My span of life is growing shorter and shorter. Will you—so kindly, so gracious by nature—refuse a dying wretch his first, his last banquet? Can you refuse?" he cried, eager and panting.

It was piteous to see his sunken cheeks, pale, then suddenly dyed scarlet, then paling again as he ceased speaking; piteous to note the tremulous hands, the failing breath.

Once more Estelle nerved herself to speak. So difficult was it now become to keep her resolve in despite of her old love's appeal, that her judgment told her of the necessity of doing violence to all her instincts of kindness, if that resolve were to be kept in its integrity.

"I repeat," she cried, "I dare not be kind! Think of me as you will, this must be the last time that we speak to each other—shall be the last time. Remember this, that if you have to die, I have to live. And—say that I am foolish, cruel, weak-minded—say what you will, I will have none of your knightly service. Trust me, Sir Louis, the greatest, the only service you can do me now, is never to see me again. Say good-bye. Let there be no further parleying," she said, as he would have spoken.

"You shall be obeyed," he said, after

a pause, during which his eyes had never moved from her drooping figure. "In all that may have led to this, I alone am to blame. Say, before I go, that you forgive me. That is all I ask now. Is that too much?"

"Ah," she cried, bursting into tears at last, "what have you to do with asking forgiveness? It is I who should ask that!"

Sir Louis stood up: he tried to speak, but in vain. At last:—

"Something tells me you are right, Madame," he said in a low voice, "in deciding that we must part. I will distress you no farther. May I shake hands with you? It is for the last time. To-morrow I will leave Caunterets."

"Yes, shake hands," Estelle replied, rising. "You are doing me the only kindness you could do, in going away. By and by I may dare to think it was for *my* sake. Once more, good-bye."

"Yes.—It will not be for long.—Good-bye."

She looked after him as he left the room; then turned, and, hiding her face, wept as if her heart would break. Now the ordeal was over, she knew how terrible it had been. There had been no mitigation; she had had the full taste of the bitterness. No more peace would she have now, till either she or he were dead. If only his wife were a kind, good woman; if only there were a chance of her tenderness being awakened! But Estelle could not even cling to that chance. Death seemed the only solution to his unhappiness. If the grim, kindly phantom would but take her in his arms as well! But the thought of Raymond forbade that wish. She had to do with life as long as Raymond lived.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ONE LAST LOOK.

At last!

She had told what she had to tell; and now she had sunk down, and lay on the couch with her face hidden,

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shrinking away from Raymond like a frightened animal from its master's eye.

Since his first question, when on his sudden entrance his wife had refused his kiss and moved herself away from him, till now, he had not uttered a word. The surprise of it all had struck him dumb. He stood and looked at her, first in amazement, then in a quiver of rage and pain.

If he would but speak! she thought, shivering with fear. Wild words, wild acts—anything were better than this horrid silence, so unlike Raymond.

At last, but not till she could bear the silence no longer, he spoke:

"So! You whom I worshipped as the very incarnation of truth, have been all these years an incarnate lie—a fair-seeming sham, like the rest of the world! So little do we husbands know of the women who befool us! Why, I could have sworn you loved me! I could have sworn that I—I alone—had awoke love in your heart—so shy, so frightened, as you were, and then so tender; and I, poor, happy fool, had been forestalled! Oh, Estelle, Estelle, how could you! How could you do it! When you knew how I adored you!"

"It would have been kinder," he went on, after a pause, "to have told me then; kinder than to have cheated me so."

"I know now," she answered, humbly, "that I ought to have told you. But I was afraid——"

"Afraid!" Raymond ejaculated. "Afraid of me, who loved the very ground she trod on!"

"—And I hoped, seeing how good you were to me, that I should come to love you in time; and so I did, Raymond."

"And what that love was worth this hour shows," he rejoined, with a sudden outburst of fierceness. "Nevertheless, it is well that I know, late as it is. It is well to have done with shams, even when one loses one's Eden thereby."

"Yes," Estelle murmured, "let there be truth between us, if there can be nothing more."

"Even so," he answered with a bitter laugh.

"Oh, Raymond!" she said, weeping, for the laugh humiliated her as if it had been a blow; "if you had but stayed here, as I entreated you, it might never have come to this."

"How was I to suppose you wanted a watch-dog?" was his answer. "I thought—I thought it was your love for me that made you urge my staying, and—and—it was my very fondness for you that made me deaf to your wish; it was because I felt there was a sufficient reason for my leaving you, and would not that any should say, 'He neglects all for his wife's smile.' I would not have had that reproach from myself even; and it might have come to that had I stayed here as you wished. I would not have had that said for worlds, I tell you; nor have said it to myself, because it would have implied blame to you. And—I trusted you so, that I never thought you wanted looking after."

He ceased, with a heavy sigh, and began walking up and down the room.

"Who is this man?" he said, stopping suddenly in his walk.

She started up and faced him then. "Oh, do not ask that," she cried, clasping her hands. "He will leave Caunterets to-morrow. I told him he must never attempt to see me again. Oh, Raymond, spare me! Do not kill him!"

"You have not told me his name yet. And as to sparing him, or you either, I ask you whether, from what you know of me, it seems likely I would bring my wife's name before the public? Will you answer my question? Who is this man?"

"I will not tell you," she answered, firmly. "All that it was right to tell you—all that wifely duty required—I have told. More I will not tell; and you have no right to ask."

"No right?" he repeated.

"None!"

He had never seen his wife's face set so stubbornly. Every feature seemed petrified in its resolve for silence. He knew it was no good asking her.

"You have somewhat strange ideas

of conjugal rights," he said bitterly, after scanning her face. "Of course, you know that the information you choose to withhold I am precluded from seeking in any other quarter. You count upon that; though, after all, why should you?"

"I have taken heed for your honour," she replied, suddenly flashing out. "Do you take heed for mine! This matter lies between you and me—wife and husband—alone. There is no third between us two. Make a third, and you make matters worse. Make a third, and you will take away from me even the remembrance of your past love—which was what made me confide in you so far. Trust me, Raymond, if you cannot love me any more. And do not wish to know what I will never tell you or any one. It is enough for me that God knows it all."

"God!" he returned, with a sneer. "Does your mother know it?"

"No!" she replied, vehemently. "Did I not say that it was between you and me alone?"

He stood silent for a moment, then:

"You wish to return to Montaigne?"

"Yes," she answered, firmly.

"Can you be ready to-morrow? Or are you not strong enough? Your mother's letter expressed some fear that you were on the verge of an illness. I should be sorry to make you travel if it would injure your health."

"I am ready to go whenever you choose," was her answer. "And if—I am to be ill—take me home. Oh, Raymond, take me home! Don't let me be ill here," she cried. "Not here, where everything reminds me—"

"I will take you home," he answered, more gently than he had spoken yet.

The dawn had not reached the valley, and the grey fog still hung over the river, when Sir Louis took his way on horseback up the solitary path to La Raillère.

Faithful to his promise, he had made arrangements the night before for leaving Caunterets that day. Lady Vivian had exclaimed and objected, as was her

wont, and had been peremptorily silenced by the word "business!" Demanding their destination, Sir Louis had named Paris, being the first word that came into his head. Having said it, he abode by it—why not Paris as well as any other place?—and had left his wife in sullen wonderment at the business that could take her husband to Paris just when all civilized people were leaving it.

As he passed his children's room a sudden impulse came over him, and he entered softly. They lay in all the careless grace of childhood, the two faces leaning cheek on cheek, flushed with heat and sleep, arms tossed, hair entangled, and lips parting in the sweet unconscious smile that invites a kiss.

Sir Louis stooped over the bed, kissed each softly—once—twice—kissed them for himself and for their mother, remembering with a pang the only time when he had seen Estelle kiss Maudie; the thrill that had run through him as he recognised the passionate maternal instinct in the childless woman, and the child's sudden flush of wonder as she climbed up on his knee, whispering, open-eyed, "And yet I haven't my prettiest dress on!"

Once again he laid his lips on Maudie's with a motherly touch of tenderness, then left the silent house. His object in riding out so early was to see for the last time the spot where that one small moment of happiness had been passed. He knew it well, yet would know it better. So we look and look, and turn to look once more, on a dead face over which the coffin-lid is about to close.

Strange omen! That in the selfsame hour when, in the whirl of unforeseen circumstances, he had been impelled to recall to Estelle that one perfect hour in their lives, the lichen-stained monument, that bade fair to stand centuries after the span of their existence was finished, had disappeared before their eyes. There stood the remnant, fire-struck, ragged, the very face of it changed past recognition. Yet not less dear would the memory of its new face be in the future, for the sake of

that terrified appeal which had once more laid bare Estelle's heart before him.

He rode on, possessed with strange minglings of passion and regret. Regret that he had given rein to his tongue; longings that the dear voice might speak once more in its old accents; acquiescence in the instinct of right which forbade it: feelings such as these chased past each other as he rode, whirling inextricably, like leaves before the autumn wind.

He dismounted, and stood before the old rock. He thought he would try to draw it; just a bare outline on a leaf of his pocket-book. That, and a little pink heath which sprouted on the turf close by, would be his only memorial of Estelle de Montaignu.

He picked the flower, and drew the outline; then walked a little way, looking back at every step.

He felt as if he could never tear himself from the spot. Yet back he must go, and that soon. Never before had he felt to its full the exquisite beauty of the scene; never before had it been so dear, so sacred. Up higher was another favourite haunt of Estelle's; a place they had often visited together in the dear bygone time;—last, he remembered, the day before their long parting. She had stood herself, then made him stand, where the tossing spray made a rainbow halo round his head, on a rock above the cascade; a moss-grown, ferny rock, with juts and hollows, where one could rest safely and listen to the roar of the whirlpool as it boiled below.

"The last time, indeed," he muttered, as he scrambled breathlessly to the place, having tied his horse to a fir branch by the path side. For one moment he was forced to stop short; his breath failed him altogether.

"My breathing is getting worse and worse," he thought, the fact being forced upon his attention; "or is it this cold, damp morning air, to which I am unaccustomed?"

He bent his head on his hands, suddenly overcome by the feeling of

failing strength and utter loneliness. For one bitter moment this feeling carried him away like a flood; and was as a foretaste of death to him. At last, raising his head, he exclaimed aloud, "I will go to my mother; the kindest, most faithful heart that ever beat! Nay, I will send for her to meet me half-way. She will not grudge the trouble; she made me promise to send for her if ever I wanted her. Dear old mother! I think it would comfort me, may be, to talk to her a little. Dear, kind old mother! the thought of her shall make me bear my weariness with a stouter heart."

Thus musing, he wrote these words in a blank leaf of his pocket-book, opposite to the drawing of the rock.

"My dear old mother: I know you are always ready to come to me when I want you; and I want your companionship now, most sorely,"—

The sun had risen, and was shining through the misty gorge. Sir Louis rose, and picked his way, half-dazzled by the sudden access of light, to the highest point of the rock, beneath which the torrent had mined and fretted itself a passage, some thirty feet below, in pitchy darkness. One ray from the cleft of the gorge above lit upon his head as he stood. "This is the place," he murmured, looking round. "Here we stood—she and I; and I shall never hear her laugh again as she laughed then; never hear her speak—kindly or coldly, dear any way—never again! Oh, my darling, you cannot help yourself; and you are right, I know. And I know that I could not love you better, were you aught but what you are. And yet—Oh, Estelle, to think that I who love you so, have never taken one kiss from those dear lips of yours that were mine by right!—Not one poor kiss! Only a bit of moss, only a tiny flower, to remember her by—"

At his foot he spied a drooping fern he knew she loved, and stooped to pick it.

His foot slipped—

* * * * *

The sun rose higher, dispelling the

chilly mist; higher and fuller rose the morning hymn of the birds in the fir forest. Loud and pitiless the water dashed against the slippery black rock. Loud and pitiless it hurried down the valley, bearing one faithful heart to its last rest amid the deep hollows where the sunlight stays not; where eternal silence has found a home.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE INLAID CABINET.

It was mid-winter. The Countess Dowager had left the château, and was enjoying the Carnival time in Toulouse in company with her *protégée* Hortense. Countess Estelle, sole mistress of herself and of the château, sat alone in a room belonging to a suite long since deserted, situated above the chapel. This room was the dampest, most draughty, most cheerless of the whole set. Yet there she had been sitting the whole afternoon, and was sitting still, looking vacantly at the tops of the leafless poplars as they swayed violently in the north wind.

There was a dreary listlessness in her face, a settled weariness in her attitude, quite unlike the calm repose of her former demeanour. That told of content with her lot in life, of hope in the unknown future. This told of apathy, of hope destroyed, of a heart so numbed that time could neither bring nor take away aught of interest or affection.

There was a letter on the table near her. She took it up, read it through, paused, then read it again, and finally put it in her pocket, and returned to her old employment of gazing listlessly at the tops of the trees.

The wind shook the casement, moaning like a living creature praying to be let in from the storm. Still she sat, with her hands folded on her knee, taking no heed of the cold within nor the din without, till the short afternoon closed in, and the moon began to show between the driving clouds.

Then, looking at her watch by the

dim light, she rose and walked quickly through a maze of intricate passages to her own rooms on the first floor. As she passed the door which gave access to this part of the château, her step grew stealthy, as if she were an intruder rather than the mistress of the place.

She stopped before Raymond's study door, lifted the curtain after a moment's hesitation, and entered. The fire was low; she brought billets of wood from the antechamber, and set to work to replenish the hearth, pausing every moment to listen for some distant sound. But silence reigned within—without, the wind still roared in the trees and shook the casements. She let down the window curtains, placed a chair invitingly by the fireside, and left the room, saying, "He will find all snug when he comes in."

She went back, not to her own luxurious boudoir adjoining, but to the dismal room where she had passed the afternoon. There she stood listening close to the window, till the clatter of a horse's hoofs could be heard coming up the avenue. Then she hurried back through the dark passages to her own room, where Lisette was waiting and her dinner-dress laid ready on the bed.

"Madame will have plenty of time," Lisette observed as Estelle uttered an expression of impatience during the maid's performance of her office. "Monsieur is only just come in. Madame is shivering!"

"It is nothing," Estelle replied. "Only make haste, Lisette; Monsieur will be so hungry after his ride," she added, as if in apology for her impatience.

"Do him good to wait!" thought Lisette. Then aloud: "You may depend on me, Madame. There! now will Madame look in the glass?"

"It does not matter," Estelle replied. Then, careful not to hurt the maid's feelings, she looked at herself, but shook her head, saying, "Yes, Lisette, you have done your best, as you always do. But oh, you will never make me look nice as you used to do; never, never again, Lisette!"

"*Pardie!*" Lisette exclaimed; "if Madame would but do something!—If Madame would have a new toilette, for instance; say, a mauve silk and head-dress to match, and leave off her mourning. Without a vestige of colour one understands well that Madame looks often like a ghost. Or if"—and here Lisette's voice sank to a confidential whisper—"if Madame would but try the merest touch of rouge? Just a touch, such as Monsieur would never find out?"

Estelle negated both propositions. "My heart is in mourning," she said, "therefore black is most fitting for my dress. And as for rouge, I don't care whether Monsieur finds it out or not: rouge would be an acted falsehood, and I'll have none of it. Let my white cheeks remain. Who cares?"

She stood by the fireplace waiting and listening. Then, looking at her watch, she suddenly left the room. The maid looked after her, sighed, shook her head, and began to put the room in order.

"I know one thing," she soliloquised as she replaced the articles in her mistress's dressing-case, "and that is, that I'd rather look at her face, pale and thin and worn as it is, than at the faces of half the fine ladies I see;" and with a vicious snap, as if to give expression to some feeling that else she must not utter, Lisette shut the dressing-case and left the room.

Estelle entered the drawing-room by one door as her husband entered by another. As she walked to the upper end of the room, the butler, throwing open the door of communication with the dining-room, announced dinner.

Raymond gave her his arm in silence. In silence the two first courses passed. Then, with a visible, almost unconquerable reluctance, Estelle spoke:

"I wish to consult you about a letter I received this afternoon."

"Indeed!" was Raymond's brief reply.

"It is from Lady Vivian."

"Oh!" said Raymond, and waited for further information.

But Estelle had not courage to proceed in face of so much laconism. She spoke no more till dinner was over, and they returned to the drawing-room.

Then, feeling that what she had to say must be said, and that if Raymond retired to his study she would never have courage to follow him, she forced herself to speak to him once more :

"Lady Vivian writes, saying she finds England very cold and dull now she cannot go into society ; and she wants to come abroad again and remain for about a year. She wants us to inquire if there is a suitable house in the neighbourhood."

"May I see the letter?"

She handed it to him, and sat looking at the fire while he read it. Once they would have read a letter together arm in arm, cheek on cheek. Now he sat in his place—she in hers, far apart ; while he spelt out the meaning of the angular English handwriting as best he could : he neither asking, nor she offering, the needed help.

"Thank you," he said, as he folded up the letter and returned it. "Do all English widows show their 'grief for their dead husbands thus?" he asked, pointing to the half-inch border of black that encircled the envelope.

"I do not know," Estelle answered faintly.

"Or—is the depth of mourning supposed to appease in some sort the manes of the dead, unloved when living? This miladi did not love her husband too much, I believe."

"I do not know. I should think she was sorry for him—surely she must feel such a loss. Her nerves were frightfully upset, Mamma said once or twice in her letters." Estelle turned paler and paler as she spoke. A stranger, looking carelessly at her for the first time, would have said she was going to faint. Raymond never looked once at her. He was staring fixedly at the burning logs.

"Nerves upset? I daresay! It would take something more or less than flesh and blood to pass through the shock of such a catastrophe with no harm to the

nervous system. Why, every one in the hotel felt it in some degree. I know my nerves were upset for weeks after ; even your mother, of all women, lost her presence of mind for a moment. Oh, ay, I do not doubt Lady Vivian's nerves being upset. Why, even you, who I believe did not care two straws for miladi——"

"I—I have left my handkerchief in the dining-room," Estelle muttered, rising hurriedly. She passed through, shutting the door behind her, and fell into the nearest chair, trembling violently.

"How can I bear it?" she muttered, pressing her hand to her heart. "How can I bear it? It will kill me." She rose in a moment and staggered to the sideboard, filled herself a glass of the strongest wine there, and drank it down eagerly. "Surely," she thought, "he cannot suspect! Surely he would not be capable of such a refinement of cruelty! Surely not that, for the sake of his old love for me! And yet how is it that he alludes to that time, to those people, at all? Is it only chance, or what? Whatever it is, I feel I cannot bear it much longer. I feel now as if I must tell him, and beg him in pity never to speak of *that* again."

"Yet no," she went on, as the wine, reviving her for a moment, brought back a faint colour to her lips and warmth to her heart,—"*No!* I said I would be silent; and so I will. What if it kills me? Who cares?"

She returned to the drawing-room. Raymond still sat looking at the fire. He looked up, but made no remark on her absence. When she had seated herself, he said, turning round to her with a formal politeness which marked how strange each had become to the other :

"What are your wishes with regard to that letter?"

"I scarcely know. I believe I have no wish either way. What is your wish? Of course I should not act at all without consulting you first."

Raymond bowed his head. "I do not feel interest enough in Lady Vivian to have any wish in the matter. If she

is not disagreeable to you, and if you would like to be civil to her, I shall be happy to look out for a house. Of course I could not allow you to take such a trouble upon yourself."

"We were never very congenial companions," Estelle said; "but I have neither the right nor the wish to be uncivil to her."

"I think I remember," said Raymond after a pause, "that her late husband—poor fellow!—was of considerable use to one or both of your brothers?"

"To Harry, yes," Estelle forced herself to answer.

"Then that, I think," Raymond pursued, "ought to decide the question. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," Estelle answered again. If Raymond had but looked, he would have seen her face set in an agony of pain. But it was a habit he had got into, that of turning his eyes from her while his face was turned towards her when he spoke. Now and then, when there seemed no chance of her seeing him, he would allow his eyes to rest upon her, but seldom, and then only for a glance; and he would turn resolutely away as if it were a weakness he did not choose to allow himself to fall into.

"Then one of us,—you perhaps,—will write to-morrow and say the best shall be done, *à-propos* of this house?"

"Yes. I will write if you wish. I suppose there is no very great hurry," said Estelle, forcing herself to speak. But in spite of her self-command she felt she dared not stay longer in the room. She rose, and saying "Good-night" as she passed, groped her way to her bedchamber.

"If I can but bear it to the end without betraying myself," she thought as she fell on the floor. She did not attempt to call Lisette; but waited till sense and feeling had returned, and she could rise, and walk steadily. She crept back to the dining-room and filled herself another glass of wine. "I owe it to poor Raymond," she thought, as she drank it down, "that no one shall suspect what I do not choose to let him

know. Let me try to remember that always."

By and by, judging that her face would bear Lisette's scrutiny, she returned to her room, summoned her, and suffered herself to be undressed in silence.

"Give me that miniature," she said, pointing to one on the table.

"There are two, Madame," said Lisette, bringing them to the bedside. They were two portraits of her lost boy.

"This one. No;—ah, give me both; both," she said, taking them and pressing them to her lips in turn. "They are all I have left!" she exclaimed, laying her hand over them as she composed herself to sleep.

* * * * *

In spite of the proverbial cold and dulness of England, Lady Vivian would have been quite able to bear both, had she so chosen, to a much greater degree than they reached in the calm shelter of Vivian Court, known as one of the warmest, pleasantest spots in all the sweet county of Devon. Given, a house, say on the brink of Dartmoor, filled with idle young men, and Lady Vivian as *châtelaine*, entertainer-in-chief, acknowledged belle and toast of the whole party, and my lady would have voted the season neither cold nor dull.

But times had changed most wofully at the Court, and her sojourn there became daily more hateful to her. Mrs. Vivian, finding herself named one of the guardians to her son's children, chose, in virtue of her office, to assume an authority at the Court which she had never dreamt of during his lifetime. Her position was strengthened by the fact of her retaining her rooms there at Sir Louis' special request, notified in his will. Here then she set up her stronghold, and kept a sharp look-out for her grandchildren's interests, choosing to consider herself as particularly appointed thereto, and to keeping her daughter-in-law in order, by her departed son. The other guardian was the deceased Baronet's old friend, Dr. Vandeleur, of whose appointment Lady Vivian could not even think without impatience, so

intolerable was it that the person whom she had always chosen to keep at a distance during her husband's life should, by the event of his death, be invested with not a little of that husband's authority.

At her old home there was fresh annoyance in store for her. Captain Waldron had at last succeeded in so far ingratiating himself with Admiral Maurice as to gain his consent to marry his daughter Lizzy as soon as he should attain the rank of major. Lizzy, in the first flush of satisfaction at her engagement with her slippery cousin Herbert, paraded her feelings too openly at the Court,—or Lady Vivian thought so, which came to the same thing,—and high words followed on both sides.

"Don't make too sure of the fascinating Herbert," sneered her ladyship. "You have to wait awhile yet, and we all know how many slips there are between cup and lip. Why, I'll bet you—let me see, anything—that, if I chose, I could bring back Herbert. I know he will never be so fond of you as he was of me."

"He was fond of you ages ago, and you behaved most shamefully to him," retorted Lizzy; "yes, most shamefully, Ju! Being engaged, you should have kept to your engagement. Oh, you may sneer, but I tell you your conduct was abominable, and a very bad example to me! If it hadn't been for Henrietta, I should have gone on as heartless as you had helped to make me."

"Upon my word!" Lady Vivian gasped, in utter astonishment.

"And really," pursued the merciless younger sister, "at your age, and with your figure, you must be vain indeed to think of captivating Herbert. Why,"—and Lizzy glanced at her own lithe figure as reflected in the nearest mirror—"Herbert thinks my figure perfect, and I know it's a better one than yours ever was. As for you, you'd better bant, Ju, or you will have no waist left in a year or two!"

"Don't be too proud of your slim waist," retorted Lady Vivian, who had by this time recovered her astonishment

and found her voice. "*My figure is much nearer perfection now than it was when I laced tight. When did you ever see an antique statue with a small waist?*"

"Sour grapes!" laughed Lizzy, straightening herself at the glass, with her pretty head on one side. "You're welcome to your waist after the antique. Herbert likes my waist, and he likes me, and I don't believe there's the slightest danger of his being taken in by you again, after the treatment he experienced before at your hands."

"If I only chose to try!" said Lady Vivian. "And I will try, if it be only to punish you as you deserve for the daring manner in which you have spoken to me."

After that there was an open quarrel. Lizzy ceased her visits at the Court, which Lady Vivian did not care for; but it also prevented Herbert Waldron's visiting there when he was in the neighbourhood, which Lady Vivian did care for, as it proved her younger sister to have fascinated the handsome soldier to some purpose at last.

But this was by the bye. One home annoyance, worse than any, was, that there was no longer a purse at hand for my lady to dive into when her own was empty. She had her jointure, and dared not go beyond it. A certain sum was to be applied to the education of the children, subject to the guardians' discretion and supervision, the rest to be applied to the improvement of the estate, or to accumulate till the children were of age. Beyond her own jointure Lady Vivian could touch nothing.

It was a drizzling afternoon, and the two widows sat together in a little room which had been the late Baronet's study.

There had just been a battle between the two, and both were rather tired of hostilities for the moment, and inclined to make peace from sheer exhaustion.

"I shan't go out at all this afternoon," said her ladyship; "and as for visitors, I am sure you may keep people away from me if you like, for there is no one in the neighbourhood that I care

to see. So you had better give standing orders that nobody is to be admitted, Mrs. Vivian, and then nobody will be shocked about my not wearing a widow's cap."

Mrs. Vivian shuddered in the most impressive manner. "I have said all I intended to say on that subject," she replied, "and I shall say no more."

"So much the better," my lady muttered in French, shrugging her shoulders.

Mrs. Vivian imagined from the tone that the words were neither courteous nor complimentary; but, not understanding French, she wisely attempted no answer, but applied herself to counting the stitches on her knitting-needles.

At last, after yawning till her lower jaw was in imminent risk of dislocation, my lady cast her idle eyes on an old inlaid Italian cabinet that stood in a corner. It suddenly occurred to her that she had never seen the inside of it, and that she would do so now. She went to her room and brought back a basketful of old bunches of keys, and began trying them one after the other without success.

At last, after quietly watching each unavailing attempt, Mrs. Vivian opened her lips to say: "It is not likely you will find the key you want on any of those bunches, Lady Vivian. My dear departed son always kept the key of that cabinet himself; and it is probable that it was a key of ancient workmanship, as the cabinet evidently is."

"What could he have kept inside, I wonder? It could scarcely have been papers, or else the lawyers would have wanted it open before now."

"I cannot tell. Samples of Cornish ore, perhaps. But he never told me, and I never presumed to inquire," said Mrs. Vivian, severely.

"I have seen the key," quoth Maudie, who was leaning on her grandmother's knee.

"What was it like, my pet?"

"The top was like a little goat butting with his horns. I only saw it once. I was in Papa's room when he

was dressing, and he let me play with it for a minute. He always wore it round his neck."

"That child!"—Lady Vivian cried, throwing down the keys and drawing forth her handkerchief,—"that child will be the death of me! I cannot have my nerves so upset; I will not. Mrs. Vivian, after all I have gone through, it is most unkind of you to encourage Maudie in this manner. Maudie, go to your nursery, and don't come downstairs till I send for you."

Maudie began to pout and cry. Mrs. Vivian rose, and took her up to the nursery, where she remained till the child's tears had dried, when she returned to the study, after promising both children a nice game of play, in "Grandma's own room," in the evening.

My lady had laid aside all insignia of distress, and was standing by while a carpenter, who happened to be working in the house that afternoon, was picking the lock after a clumsy, country sort of fashion.

The lock once picked, Lady Vivian hardly waited till the carpenter had withdrawn to fling open the doors of the cabinet. Her doing so, and the start and exclamation that followed instantaneously, made Mrs. Vivian get up and peep inside too.

Instead of the usual conglomeration of drawers and pigeon-holes, the cabinet was nothing more than a hollow box; and its contents astonished Mrs. Vivian nearly as much as Lady Vivian. They consisted of a female bust in white marble, from which Lady Vivian had just snatched the gauze covering, and of an old portfolio.

"No, I never will believe it!" she exclaimed. Hurriedly she took forth the bust and placed it on the table, and then brought out the old portfolio to the light. A gleam that would have augured ill for Sir Louis, had he been there to see it, shot from her ladyship's eyes as she turned the portfolio on its right side towards her, and read in their gilt lettering the words, "*Estelle Russell*."

"I never would have believed it!"

ejaculated her ladyship, after five minutes' silence.

"Believed what, Lady Vivian?"

Lady Vivian deigned no reply. After another five minutes' silence, during which she appeared to meditate deeply, she lifted the portfolio from her knee to the table, laying it down in such an ungentle manner that the marble bust tottered and fell to the ground. Mrs. Vivian looked up with a cry of alarm at the sudden crash.

"Oh, Lady Vivian! How could you manage to throw it down! One of my poor son's treasures, and such a pretty thing, too!" And she went down on her knees to pick up the marble.

"Dear, dear," she cried, with tears in her eyes, "see, the neck is broken in two places; and even if mended, the join will always show. And it must have been a valuable work of art, or else my poor dear Louis would not have kept it so carefully."

"I daresay he did not value it half so much as he did the original," said my lady, with glittering eyes. She had not absolutely intended to throw it down, but she had a curious, indefinable pleasure in seeing it lie, broken at her feet, this poor bust of Maroni's, "La Tristezza," just as indefinable and just as real as was Mrs. Vivian's distress at seeing it.

"If it is but a copy, it belonged to *him*, remember," said Mrs. Vivian. She replaced the broken pieces on the table, and walked out of the room.

Left to herself, my lady sat down and cried heartily. This revelation of her dead husband's secret heart stung her to the quick through the dense

garment of indifference and selfishness with which she had clothed herself for so many years. She had not cared for his love, such as it was. She had scorned it, and left it to die its natural death. But to know that he had loved some one, long and faithfully, at once gave a value to that second, quiet kind of love which might have been hers had she chosen: gave it a value, because it might have been—had she but known—a stepping-stone to the place this other woman held in his heart.

"A man who could love one woman all that time was a man whose love was well worth trying for. I remember now, why he was so odd when he saw that ugly old portfolio. Of course *that* was why I never got it back again. How could I have suspected? He never once alluded to having been in France, or to knowing those Russells. If I had only known,"—and here her ladyship's sobs ceased for a moment, and her red eyes looked decidedly vixenish,—"*I* would never have let him and Estelle be together as they were at Pau. I've no doubt they were both glad to get rid of me. And how dreadfully sly she must be, for all her proper behaviour! dreadfully sly and cunning, that I should never have had the slightest inkling of her liking for him!"

"It was too bad; too bad," she cried, relapsing into tears again at the remembrance of her own beauty in contrast to Estelle's pale, thin face. "Horrid little thing! I hate her! And I'll pay her out for this," was her ladyship's last utterance, as she seated herself before her writing-table.

To be continued.

A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY C. KNIGHT WATSON, F.S.A.

THE life of one who fills a professorial chair is not as exciting as that of one who leads an army to a victory, or a House of Commons to a division. At the same time, I do not in the least apologize for inviting attention to a career so usefully and so honourably filled. Those who have ever known Dr. Clark, so far from grudging him the "little dust of praise" which I am about to scatter over his memory, will only regret that it is not poured in fuller measure and by an abler hand. Those to whom he was a perfect stranger will be the wiser, and may be the better, for learning from these pages what manner of man he was.

William Clark was born at Newcastle, on the 5th of April, 1788. He was the second son of Dr. John Clark by Susanna, daughter of Francis Heath. His father was a physician in very extensive practice at Newcastle, and was known in his day for a work on Fevers, and on the "History of the Diseases of Hot Climates." The reputation he thus acquired is believed to have been one of the motives which induced his son William to take up kindred pursuits. Little is known of Dr. Clark's early years. I think I have heard him say that he was finally prepared for the University by Mr. Popple, sometime Fellow of Trinity. Whatever may have been his early training, it bore good fruit. He graduated as seventh wrangler in the year 1808, when Blomfield and Sedgwick were third and fifth. Glorious old Sedgwick! the last survivor, if we are not mistaken, of all the wranglers of the year. In 1809 (the first year in which at that time he was able to compete) Clark was elected Fellow of his college. There were only two vacancies. The second was filled by Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of

London. It would appear that on this occasion Clark's translation into English verse of a passage in Pindar (Isthmian viii. 105) attracted the notice of the examiners so forcibly that one of their number, Mr. Browne, Senior Fellow of the college, in a note which I have had in my hands, requested him to favour both him and Dr. Raine with a copy of the verses in question, at the same time suggesting a revision of the two last lines, which, "though very beautiful," did not appear to Mr. Browne to express exactly the original.

Soon after he got his Fellowship, Clark applied himself to the study of medicine, walked the London hospitals, attended Abernethy's and other lectures, and thus laid the foundations of that eminence which he afterwards reached. In 1813 we find him in correspondence with Lord Byron. The acquaintance was probably due to the offices of a common friend, Scrope Davies. It would appear that arrangements had been made between them to travel together to the East. I have before me four of Byron's letters on this subject; and as every word he wrote is just now of more or less importance, I think it well to give them in the order of date—

July 11th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Our sailing day is on the 30th, and it will be proper we should be quite ready to leave London on the 25th. Pray let me see you as soon as convenient. I will call if it suits you better.

Ever yours,

B—.

July 31st, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I am going out of town for a week (near Cambridge). We shall wait for Sligo, and if he returns within the period of my absence, and you are still in town, will you be good enough to tell him, in answer to his proposal, that we will join him, and take part

of his store-shop? Perhaps you may be down at Cambridge; if so, I will come over from Six Mile Bottom, where I shall be for some days. Hudson called on you. I don't know what he wants, but I hope he don't plague you. You cannot regret any delay in our departure more than I do; but a few days or weeks for a comfortable passage will not, I trust, be thrown away.

Believe me truly yours,

BYRON.

The journey projected in July did not come off. The subject, however, of a journey abroad is resumed four months later.

Nov. 27th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will have no objection to keep our engagement, and do me the favour of accompanying me to Holland next week. Fevers, plagues, and everything are against the Mediterranean, which we will exchange for the Zuyder Zee; and, if affairs go on well, Germany, and even Italy, are within our range. Pray let me hear from you.

Ever, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

BIRON.

Nov. 29th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Ward, who tells me that it will be as well we should be prepared; but that at present till Gen. Graham is gone, and the communication more regulated, we must not set off upon speculation. All this we shall know in a week; and if you will have the goodness to be ready I will send you notice in time for everything, as there is nothing I should regret more than the dissolution of our partnership. Excuse the hasty letter I sent under the notion I should embark this week. I trust everything will be practicable the next; at all events I am decided to go somewhere, and I believe you are citizen enough of the world to feel as few partialities for particular parts of it as myself. If you come to town I shall, of course, be very glad to see you; but I lose no time in saying that my exceeding hurry was a little premature; an anxiety I trust you will excuse when you know the motive. I shall write again in a day or two. Do not quit C^o at any inconvenience to yourself; but still do not be surprised if I send another important epistle, as everything depends upon the news of the next week.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful S^r,

BIRON.

The last letter ought to be read alongside of Byron's excited entries in his journal at that period. Whether from fevers abroad or Miss Milbanke

at home, the journey projected in company with Dr. Clark never took place.

In the following year the Professorship of Anatomy became vacant, and Clark came forward as a candidate. He was not elected. His competitors were Woodhouse and Haviland. Haviland was elected—the numbers being: Haviland 150; Clark 135; Woodhouse 60. The election is memorable from a circumstance in Byron's life, which is related at once imperfectly and incorrectly by Moore ("Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron," p. 267). The version I am now about to give was told us by Dr. Clark himself, and is confirmed in every particular by another eye-witness now living. Byron came down to Cambridge on purpose to vote for Clark. He entered the Senate House for that purpose, leaning on the arm of Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke.¹ As soon as the undergraduates in the gallery became conscious of his presence, they greeted him with a volley of enthusiastic cheers, —a reception for which Byron's avowed antipathy to Cambridge had scarcely prepared him. He left the building, and shortly afterwards Sir John Cam Hobhouse entered it, exclaiming, "Well! I have seen a sight which I could not have believed possible." He went on to relate that on going out of the Senate House, in quest of Byron, he found him in the precincts of the Schools sobbing like a child, so completely had the poet been overcome by the rapturous reception he had met with. The blunders and omissions in Moore's account of this incident are not unimportant. He says that when the cheers proceeded from the undergraduates "the gallery was immediately cleared by the Vice-Chancellor," —a statement which we know, on the highest authority, to be absolutely and entirely false. Moore's

¹ There were three Clarks in Cambridge at that time—Dr. William Clark, the subject of this memoir: Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, the Professor of Mineralogy; and John Clarke, the organist of Trinity, who afterwards changed his name to Whitfeld, and became Professor of Music. They were known by the *sobriquets* of Bone Clark, Stone Clarke, and Stick Clarke.

omission is even worse, for he leaves out what is really the kernel of the story—viz. Byron's emotion : a circumstance which our informant had from Sir J. C. Hobbhouse's own lips.

In 1817 Dr. Haviland was appointed Regius Professor of Physic, and the Professorship of Anatomy again became vacant. Clark and Woodhouse were again in the field, but before the day of the poll Woodhouse retired, and Clark was elected without opposition. In the same year he made application for one of the lay Fellowships of the college. He did not get one, for no vacancy occurred, but the cordial alacrity with which the Master of the college, with whom the appointment rested, received his application, and endeavoured to meet the contingency of his own death in the interval, as evinced in a letter now before me, is a proof of the good opinion entertained of him. Before I proceed to give some account of the Anatomical Chair and of the manner in which Clark discharged his duties as Professor, I ought to mention that in 1818 and 1819 he went abroad with Sir Mark Sykes. I have seen a diary which he kept during the greater part of this tour or tours, and it is matter for sincere regret that he was not induced at the time to work it up into a more complete shape, and give it to the world. The tour, so far as it is reported in this diary, extended over portions of Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily. The phenomena of nature and the productions of art in these countries found in Clark a traveller of shrewd observation, cultivated taste, and singular power of description. I cannot conceive a more delightful volume than could have been made of this diary. It would have stood in favourable contrast to the feeble mixture of slang and drivel in which vain and vulgar tourists of more recent times think it necessary to record the impressions made upon what they are pleased to call their minds, and would have taken its place alongside of Eustace's "Classical Tour," and other works of an equally high character. Clark's atten-

tion seems to have been specially directed towards collections of pictures, public and private—and, indeed, I may observe, in parenthesis, that it was always a great charm to hear his criticisms on paintings : he hit off their merits and defects with singular point and power. In connexion with the Manfrini collection, &c. at Venice he tells us an amusing anecdote, which I here transcribe :—

"Manfrini rose from nothing by a fortunate monopoly of tobacco. The following anecdote is told as an instance of his magnificence in common affairs. Washing is bad in Venice, for there is no fresh water except what is brought from the mainland. Manfrini had 4,000 shirts, and used to send 2,000 of them at a time to be washed in Holland."

Another entry which has just met my eye forcibly reminds me of the Doctor's quaint and quiet humour.

"May 28.—Off Marsala at 9 p.m. A small town about eighteen miles from Trepani. Here an Englishman complains the wine called Marsala, having bought the greater part of the old vineyards."

I shall now endeavour to put together some particulars about the Cambridge Anatomical Chair, and about the way in which Dr. Clark filled and adorned it.

It would appear that there was no formal creation of a Chair of Anatomy. The science was taught, if taught at all, by the different colleges ; for, as a matter of fact, there is a skeleton—not in every cupboard—but in every college. In the year 1707, one George Rolfe received by grace of the Senate the "title" of Professor of Anatomy. It ought not to be forgotten that, at the time when the first Professor of Anatomy was thus appointed in Cambridge, there was no such institution either in London or in Edinburgh. I here subjoin a list of the successive Professors up to Clark's election. 1728, John Morgan ; 1734, George Cuthbert ; 1735, Robert Bankes ; 1747, W. Gibson ; 1754, C. Collignon ; 1785, Sir Busick Harwood ; 1814, J. Haviland. I have by

me a "Synopsis of a Course of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy and Physiology," 8vo. Cambridge, 1807, from which I believe I am justified in inferring that Sir Busick Harwood's lectures had been vastly superior to the dry courses on human anatomy which had been delivered previous to his day. The preparations which he left behind him, which were purchased by the University in 1815, after his death, at a cost of 367*l.* 10*s.*, are still, as I am informed, extremely valuable. The minute injections with mercury, showing the absorbents, are especially beautiful.

Dr. Clark acted in the spirit of Sir Busick Harwood. He always blended physiology with human anatomy, and both with comparative anatomy: that is, he considered the duties of the Professor to be, to demonstrate the animal kingdom, its osteology, myology, physiology, as a whole; and he had a thorough and legitimate contempt for those persons who got up perfunctorily only just so much anatomy as would enable them to pass the sieve of the M.B. examination. He spared no pains over his lectures. Scores of times have I seen him at work either at his own house or at the museum. He always demonstrated from the subjects; he made the dissections himself. I remember his saying that the premature stoop he had contracted was caused in the first instance by bending over the dissecting-table. He did his utmost to attract deserving students to himself, and I have heard many speak with great affection of the way in which he helped and instructed them.

In 1832 the Anatomical Museum was moved from the building opposite Queen's College—how it ever got there I do not know—to Downing Street, where a corner of the Botanic Garden was found available. This piece of ground had been purchased by the celebrated Dr. Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity, who for his support of Dr. Bentley got a place in the "Dunciad"—

"Walker, my hat!" No more he deigned to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away."

Walker bequeathed it to the University. The Botanic Garden was afterwards removed to its present site, and the new museum built in the middle of the old garden. A hideous building it was, that same museum. Dr. Clark had proposed a parallelogram lighted from above, like the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His wishes were not regarded. Scarcely had it been erected before a great riot took place, which did a vast amount of damage both to the building and to the collection. Some low and turbulent blackguards had been excited to storm the museum with a view to regain possession of a body which, in strict accordance with the provisions of the Anatomy Act, had been removed for dissection from the workhouse. The passions of this lawless crew, hounded on by men who ought to have known better, were still further excited by catching a glimpse of one or more wax models which the Doctor had procured from Florence, and which were such excellent facsimiles that they were taken for real bodies by the infuriated multitude. Of course the usual inefficiency of the police was supplemented by the pluck of the gowmsmen, and the cad's were thoroughly licked. Dr. Clark, as I see from letters to which I have only recently had access, won the highest approval, and secured the consistent support of the Home Secretary of the day, Lord Melbourne.

As soon as the excitement consequent on this riot was allayed, and the damage more or less repaired, Dr. Clark set about forming a thoroughly good museum of comparative anatomy. I think it is generally acknowledged by the most competent judges that this was one of the most remarkable achievements of his whole career. At the time he began, a man might as well have thought of forming a collection of Nineveh bulls, or of implements from the "drift," as of comparative anatomy. But he felt convinced that such a collection would one day be required, and in the face of every obstacle he determined to persevere. The result is a very remarkable

collection, more than sufficient to illustrate the ordinary text-books, and much better than the collection at Oxford.

But while the osteological portion was fairly complete, the physiological portion was lamentably deficient. Now, to form a physiological collection requires a great deal of time, and a special gift in the art of making preparations. While they are being made, moreover, the students are starved. There is nothing for them to study; and the Professor, to gain time for his preparations, neglects his lectures. Dr. Clark, therefore, greatly promoted the interests of the museum, by persuading the University to purchase the collection formed by Dr. Macartney, Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College, Dublin. It contained 1,700 specimens, of which 500 illustrated comparative anatomy. This acquisition having been secured, Dr. Clark continually made all possible additions out of his own pocket, and never afterwards came upon the University for money, except in the case of a fine whale, which was purchased by subscriptions of members of the Senate in 1848; and also for the purchase of a Cape buffalo, perhaps the most valuable skeleton in the collection. His own additions were chiefly very beautiful and very minute injections of invertebrata and of portions of the mammalia.

I shall not trouble the reader with the details of the various negotiations, Reports of Syndicates, and Votes of Senate, which ended in the erection of the new buildings where the new museum is now located. Suffice it to say that Dr. Clark most liberally came forward to remove the last remaining obstacle from a scheme he had so much at heart, by advancing the sum of 2,364*l.* at the nominal rate of 1½ per cent. The museum was accordingly constructed, and he continued to take a very great interest in it down to a week or two before his death.

In 1866 Dr. Clark resigned his professorship. The reason of his resignation was that the Senate had at last funds to carry out his long-cherished plan for the foundation of a Chair of

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology; a plan he had pressed upon the attention of the University Commission as far back as 1852. He thought it best that the second chair—that of human anatomy—should receive a fresh occupant simultaneously.

Dr. Clark published little. A man, however, who filled a University Chair as he filled his for nearly half a century, cannot be called a sluggard. People are too apt to forget this, and to reckon as nothing the oral teaching which, term after term, is disseminated in lecture-rooms, and thus makes knowledge grow throughout the land. Nor had he only his chair to attend to. In 1825 he took the living of Guiseley in Yorkshire. During his tenure of it (1825—1859) he resided, on an average, three months in the year. He took infinite pains in the selection of a good curate, whom he paid well: he built schools, restored the rectory and made it habitable, subscribed largely to parish objects, and in all ways showed his zeal for the place.

The memoir for which he is most and most favourably known is entitled, "A Case of Human Monstrosity, with a Commentary," and was read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on the 16th May, 1831, and was published in their "Transactions." All known aberrations from the usual standard of the forms of animals being referable to one of three orders, according as they are characterised by defect or by excess in the development, or by the inversion of parts, the object of this memoir is to show that in one instance, at least, of the second order, the apparently excessive development may be brought within the action of the general laws by which the rudimentary organs of embryos advance to their perfect form. The memoir embodies a full account of the progress of the embryo from the earliest moment. I am told on credible authority that the merits of this paper, written nearly forty years ago, are nothing short of the highest.

The same process of foetal development formed the subject of a second paper, and which was suggested to

Dr. Clark by the perusal of the "Vestiges of Creation." He there endeavours to show, first, that the higher animals, in their foetal state, do not pass through phases of development which are permanent in the lower; and secondly, that no common law of development for all classes is observed.

In 1834 Dr. Clark contributed to the Reports of the British Association, at the request of the President for that year, a "Report of Animal Physiology," comprising a review of the progress "and present state of theory, and of our information respecting the blood, and the powers which circulate it." And the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for 1840 contains an article from his pen on the "Early Development of the Ovum, in connexion with the works of Van Baer and others." In 1853 he was to have delivered the Harveian Oration; and his desire was to establish more fully the principle he had laid down in his paper on the human monstrosity already mentioned, but his health obliged him to abandon the attempt.

When I said that Dr. Clark published little, I referred of course to original matter. His zeal, however, for his favourite pursuits was perhaps still more forcibly illustrated by a task which he undertook at the advanced age of 68, and which involved but a comparatively small amount of original matter; I refer of course to his translation of Vander Hoeven's "Handbook of Zoology." The two volumes together make up not less than 1621 pages; and when we consider that the translator had to undertake the preliminary labour of acquiring a new language—and that language the Dutch—I think I may fairly claim for my friend energy and determination of no common order.

If any one be disposed to infer from what has been said in these pages, that I have shown a bias in favour of Dr. Clark, I most cordially welcome the charge, if charge it is intended to be. I knew Dr. Clark from my earliest childhood, and, knowing, loved him as he deserved. But I fail to see on what

principle this long and close intimacy with the man should be urged against me as a disqualification for estimating his worth, unless it be for reasons analogous to those which made Sydney Smith exclaim: "Never read a book you review, for fear you get a bias in favour of the author." If affection and reverence have to be cast aside in order to clear the way for impartial criticism—which is often only an excuse for saying something ill-natured—I must confess myself on the present occasion unequal to the task, and not more unequal than averse. For indeed he was a man you could not choose but love, and those who knew him longest loved him most. When once you had crossed the barrier with which his reserve—the fruit of a modesty singularly great—hedged him in, you found yourself in the presence of a nature thoroughly genial, and a heart inexpressibly tender. His smile was sunshine. The very motions of his outstretched hand and arm, as he rose with forward frame to greet you, spoke a welcome beyond the power of words. The warm soft glances which gleamed from his eyes, the humour which lurked in the corners of his mouth, live in the memory. He had a gracious courtesy of manner which seemed to tell of other days, and which served to realize a type of the highbred English gentleman now so rarely met with that one is inclined to think the mould must be broken. It was not always easy to draw him out in conversation, and to get him to show you his mental store—for it is the full drawer that is most commonly locked—but when talk he did, his words had a clear, sharp ring about them which made you feel he was hitting the nail on the head, and saying, on the topic in hand, the one thing which ought to be said, but which it had been given to none other to say.

I could go on for ever, dwelling on this feature or on that of a character which I have seen under many aspects, and which I have had reason to love in all. But I think I have said enough to show why Dr. Clark should not be allowed to sink into his grave unnoticed; God knows he did not die unmourned.

THE ANARCHY OF LONDON.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ. M.P.

THE power of Englishmen to bear the ills they have is one of our most valuable national characteristics; but it is a virtue which may be carried to excess. To be tolerant of things which ought not to be tolerated is a habit for which there is little to be said, except, perhaps, that it is a thought better than the worship of new things because they are new—the frame of mind which the propagandist in the famous chorus in the “Anti-Jacobin” wishes to induce in his hearers, by his—

“Know this, thou thinkest amiss;
And to think true,
Must deem all institutions old
But those bran new.”

There is little fear of our ever giving way to the latter temptation, but every prospect that poor old long-suffering England will soon be left behind by every European nation, not indeed in essential matters,—such as freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and the like,—but in all kinds of municipal and social arrangements, upon which so much of the comfort and enjoyment of life depends. If any one doubts this, he has only to look at the state of things in our metropolis. He will discover, not without something like a gasp of surprise, and one would hope of indignation, that this, the largest and richest collection of human beings that has ever come together on the face of this globe, has really no government at all, but is handed over as a battle-ground for two mediæval Corporations, a modern Board of Works, the Commissioners of Police, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the Poor Law Board, the Registrar-General, thirty-nine vestries, and at least a score of private trading companies. The results are imbecile confusion, and taxation as capricious as it is extravagant; a revenue equal to

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that of many kingdoms, collected by a dozen different authorities, under no man knows what, or how many, Acts of Parliament, and expended without any efficient control of those who contribute to it. “I have not the faintest idea,” says Mr. Buxton,¹ “when I pay ‘my rates (which I seem to be always ‘doing), who those are by whom I am ‘governed; how or why they are ‘chosen to govern me; on what grounds ‘they have imposed on me this expenditure, or whether it is or is not a ‘reasonable and wise one. The system ‘has no real publicity. It is worked ‘almost in the dark.”

Before considering what is to be done, and with a view to getting a clear answer to that question, it will not be time wasted to inquire, first, how such a state of things has come about. In 1835, as we all know, most of the old cities of England had outgrown their boundaries, and were full of new life which could not be developed, and of new wants which could not be met, or dealt with, under their old charters. On the other hand, many new towns had risen into importance which were entirely without municipal institutions. “So in ‘that year the Legislature passed the Act ‘for the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales,” for the purpose of placing the cities, towns, and boroughs of England and Wales under a uniform system, adapted to modern civilization, and “to the intent that the ‘same might for ever be and remain well ‘and quietly governed.” Under that Act, and subsequent amendments, the boundaries and divisions of all our cities and

¹ “Self-Government for London: the Leading Ideas on which a Constitution for London should be based.” A Letter to the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., Secretary of State for Home Affairs, from Charles Buxton, M.A., M.P. (P. 19.) Published by the Metropolitan Municipal Association, 1869.

towns have been resettled, and the corporations have been established as the governing bodies within such boundaries, with ample and well-defined jurisdiction, and powers over all local matters affecting the corporate life of their citizens.

The cities of London and Westminster were excepted from the Municipal Corporations Act, not because they did not need municipal reform as much as any city in the kingdom, but because they were so strong that their opposition might have defeated the measure. It was understood, however, that the Corporation of London would take the matter in hand, and do for the metropolis what the general Act had done for other English towns. The crisis passed, and yet the City of London did nothing whatever, while the great suburban cities continued to grow up round her with astonishing rapidity. So matters went on till 1854, when the Commission, of which Sir George Cornewall Lewis was the most active member, reported on the Municipal Government of London. That report set out the case very clearly:—that since 1835 the local government of every city but London had been vested in a corporation whose jurisdiction extended over its entire circuit; that the Municipal Government of London extended over only a small portion of the entire town; that if municipal institutions were not suited to a metropolis, no reason but its antiquity and its existence could be found for maintaining the Corporation of London. The Commissioners, however, were of opinion that a metropolis required municipal institutions as much as other towns, in fact that their want is more felt in a crowded and rich metropolis than in a country town, and they then advised (persuaded apparently by the then Lord Mayor, and directly in the teeth of their own conclusions) that the area of the City should *not* be extended, but that the benefit of municipal institutions should be extended to the rest of the metropolis by its division into municipal districts, coterminous with the parliamentary boroughs.

Thus, again, for the moment the

Corporation tided over the crisis, and remained untouched, but things had reached a pass at which it was absolutely necessary that something should be done. So, as no movement whatever came from the Corporation, Parliament stepped in in 1855, and passed "The Act for the better Local Management of the Metropolis," under which the Metropolitan Board of Works was established. The preamble to that Act must, one would have thought, have brought the Corporation to their senses. It runs: "Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for the better local management of the metropolis in respect of the sewerage and drainage, and the paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvement thereof." Sewerage, drainage, paving, cleansing, lighting, and improvement being taken from their functions, what would remain to the Corporation to rouse the energy or ambition of the ablest and best citizens? How they could have been so blind as to miss their opportunity in 1855, and allow a rival power to be created within their own jurisdiction, whose existence must obviously prove incompatible with their own, may be clear to Common Councilmen.

The next chapter in the history is equally characteristic. From the time when he got partly behind the City screen, as Commissioner, in 1854, Sir George Lewis seems to have been inspired with a desire to reform the Corporation. Accordingly in 1860, when Home Secretary to Lord Palmerston's Government, he introduced a Bill "for the better regulation of the Corporation of the City of London." The Bill was a mild one enough in all conscience, making no alterations in the City boundaries, and modifying the old wards in the gentlest possible manner. But, whether owing to the clauses respecting the auditing of the corporate funds, and the return of accounts to the Home Office in such form as the Home Secretary should direct, or to those abolishing exclusive rights of trading, or for some other occult reason, Sir George never got his Bill through Committee, and

all things remained as they were in the unlucky metropolis.

The withdrawal of this Bill roused some public feeling on this great subject, of which Mr. Beal—who had for years been working at it—took advantage; and he and his friends obtained the appointment in 1861 of the Parliamentary Committee, of which Mr. Ayrton was chairman, to inquire into the local taxation and government of the metropolis. That inquiry produced two good results: (1) it made vestry government for the metropolis impossible; and (2) it precipitated the struggle between the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works. But though the waste and anarchy of the present system were so effectually and completely exposed eight years ago, that, from that time to this, not a single public man or writer has advocated letting things alone; yet the 100 Acts of Parliament, and 39 vestries, and 7,000 honorary officials, are still there, and the dwellers in this long-suffering City continue to be fleeced and misgoverned and neglected.

This effort of 1860 appears to have exhausted the resources of Lord Palmerston's Government to deal with the question, and it was allowed to rest until after the dissolution of 1865. Meantime, Mr. Beal and his fellow-workers had not been idle: an association was formed by their efforts, called "The Metropolitan Municipal Association," having for its object the promotion of the better government of the metropolis, and it is to the doings and proposals of this association that we must now call attention. The promoters had at the outset to consider whether any adequate plan had been proposed which they could adopt, and it may therefore be well to glance at such of these as have obtained any public attention before noticing the Bills which the Association have prepared and supported for the last three years. We must do this without reference to dates, as several of them have made their appearance since the Bills of the Association were first laid on the table of the House of Commons.

The present Lord Fortescue, then Lord Ebrington, when member for Marylebone, had called attention to the need of legislation, and himself proposed a scheme, to which however we need only allude, as it has been virtually abandoned by its original supporters in favour of one or other of the later plans. The necessity of dealing with the whole metropolitan area as a unit was admitted by Lord Ebrington, as it has been by every one who has had to consider the subject seriously. But he seemed to hesitate at entrusting the whole of the municipal functions to one body, deterred either by the vastness of the work which would be centred in their hands, or by the hopelessness of getting the necessary agreement from existing authorities. His suggestions, therefore, took the form of a series of boards, with co-ordinate powers, but each devoted to one class of work, such as lighting, water-supply, drainage improvements. Such a plan would have resulted in several metropolitan Boards of Works, while it would have incurred the certain antagonism of the present Board and of the City, both of which bodies would have been stripped by it of an important part of their functions. Nor was it likely to conciliate the inhabitants of London generally, who already look with distrust on the existing Board, which has absorbed much municipal power, but has brought them little increase of comfort, and heavier taxation.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has of course its own views, of which Mr. Ayrton has been the exponent and advocate in Parliament. That gentleman has always been a severe critic of the Corporation of London, and appears inclined altogether to ignore their existence in future arrangements for the government of the metropolis. This he would be prepared to vest exclusively in a Municipal Council, which would practically answer to the present Metropolitan Board of Works, but with enlarged powers, so as to embrace all active municipal life. But, as it was felt probably that it would be hopeless at once to supersede the Corporation, and to attack the vestries, these

latter are not touched by the proposed scheme of the Metropolitan Board, so that, were it adopted, we should still be saddled with the old host of petty local authorities; while no step whatever would be taken towards rousing a feeling of citizenship, or any interest in the management of their own affairs amongst the foremost and ablest residents in the great metropolitan boroughs outside the city. The Metropolitan Board may be quite right from their own point of view in pushing their own claims, without reference to the City or any other body or interest. No doubt they have strengthened their position by the extent of their borrowings, as every holder of their bonds will probably be inclined to support them. Moreover, they cannot remain as they are, and must either absorb and increase within the next few years, or be themselves absorbed into a wider organization. The reputation for jobbery which has tainted some of the most prominent members of the Board seems to have outweighed in public estimation the services of the chairman; and such petty feats as the meddling with the numbers of the houses in some streets, selected apparently at haphazard and as experiments, while others have been left with their old numbers, have done more to damage their reputation than the Thames Embankment and the great Sewage Works have done to establish it. On the whole, one is forced to the conclusion that the proposed reform through and by the Metropolitan Board is bad in principle, and that, in the present state of public opinion, the Board is very unlikely to carry it, even if sufficiently amended.

Mr. Locke, the member for Southwark, has proposed a plan which certainly avoids many difficulties, and may be taken as a fair set-off against that just mentioned. It has the great merit of simplicity, as Mr. Buxton has pointed out; being nothing more or less than adding to the City proper new wards embracing the whole metropolitan area—"as bees might add new cells to a honeycomb." Mr. Buxton's objection to this plan is

unanswerable, that if the new wards were of the same size as the old, the number of aldermen and common councillors would be unmanageable: while if such areas as the metropolitan boroughs were taken, the discrepancy in size between them and the old wards, and the injustice of putting the two on an equality, would be enough to defeat any such proposal.

Since the publication of Mr. Buxton's pamphlet a scheme has been broached in the *Spectator* which amounts really to a Parliamentary Government for London, and which most undoubtedly, as the able writer urges, would offer scope enough to satisfy the ambition and employ the best energies of men of first-rate ability and position. The plan provides a House of Aldermen elected for five years, and subject to dissolution like the House of Commons; whose debates would be public, and who would nominate an executive from their own body, and have powers of taxation over the metropolitan area, limited only by the veto of the Home Secretary. If we in England could make and unmake our institutions at will, a great deal might be said for this plan; but, as things go, it is too revolutionary. Those who have any experience of public affairs have learnt, that if you want to do any public work, especially of a constructive kind, you must recognise existing facts, and make the most of whatever is already occupying the ground on which you propose to build.

Bearing this fact in mind, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Buxton makes out a very strong case in favour of the plan which he has inherited from Mr. Mill, and which is, in fact, that of the Metropolitan Municipal Association. It was first introduced by Mr. Mill in 1867, though the principles of reform which it seeks to embody are much older. The proposal to raise the metropolitan boroughs into separate municipalities was made as early as 1837; as soon indeed as it was found that the metropolis had evaded the reform which had reached all other cities. It was approved (as we have seen) by Sir G. C. Lewis's committee in 1860, and is one of the

two ideas at the root of Mr. Buxton's measures. These are comprised in two Bills, the first of which, the "Metropolitan Municipalities Bill," extends the municipal system of 1835 to the nine metropolitan boroughs, while the second, "The Metropolis Municipal Government Bill," consolidates the several municipalities for what we may call imperial purposes. There is no space here to enter into details, otherwise it would be easy to show that Mr. Buxton's plan has been worked out with the most praiseworthy care and with eminent ability. The Bills are open to none of the objections which we have indicated, and which apply to every other plan proposed. They carry out their object of extending the local municipal life which is characteristic of other towns throughout the whole of modern London, at the same time retaining the City Corporation as the centre of a group of municipalities, and absorbing the Metropolitan Board so gently, and with such compensating tenderness, that even Sir John Thwaites may accept it as an euthanasia. The aim, in short, of the Association has been to make use of all existing municipal agencies, developing instead of destroying them.

The more this unwieldy and difficult problem is discussed and studied, the clearer will it become that the Metropolitan Municipal Association have hit upon the true method of dealing with it. It is not to be expected that the majority of the seven thousand honorary officials will be brought to this view of the question—the great army who at present wield the occult powers which cause us all so much discomfort and annoyance, and rouse the ire of the metropolitan householder whenever one of the minute green or yellow papers, which testify to their remorseless activity, appears on his table on his return from the day's work. They will have to make way for men of a different stamp altogether unless they will take larger views and help on the change, and therefore we must expect such opposition as the most narrow-minded of them can offer. We shall have many appeals to

the instinct of Englishmen for local self-government, and much tall talk about the vestry as the sacred unit in the British Constitution. But the influence of vestries has perceptibly dwindled in the last few years. The jealousy of centralization is passing rapidly away, and the better opinion is gaining ground, that local self-government will be quite as real, and much more efficient and respectable, when it embraces much larger areas than the present parishes. The public has passed the point in municipal faith which assumed that no man can deal satisfactorily with the affairs of a metropolitan parish who does not reside in it. There is no reason whatever for further delay, and a thousand against it.

The Bills could not be in better hands than Mr. Buxton's. The Government are well-disposed. The Lord Chancellor (son of an alderman and warmly attached to the City and its traditions) and the Lord Chief Baron (formerly standing counsel to the City) went out of their way last month, the first to impress on the new Lord Mayor that the Corporation will be wise to set about the work of Reform promptly, the latter to recommend specially Mr. Buxton's proposals. The whole metropolitan press is chafing, and getting fiercer and more impatient, whenever the question turns up. Are the Corporation going to have the good sense to move? If so, there is no time to be lost. There is a very large minority of their fellow-townsmen, to put it no higher, who think that few corporate bodies ever have had such opportunities, and that none ever made so little use of them, as they have done now for nearly two centuries. At the same time the Corporation are the lineal representatives of the men who ruled the City when it was the rallying-ground and the mainstay of those who fought freedom's battles through the darkest times of our history. It will take a great deal to make Englishmen disregard this prestige of a thousand years. But times do come, and the present looks like one of them, when the most venerable trappings will no longer protect those who ignore the needs, and resist the

spirit, of their own time. Let us hope that the Corporation will at last follow the advice of many of their ablest members and officers, and, by joining cordially with Mr. Buxton in the endeavour to work out a satisfactory system of government for the whole metropolitan area, put it out of the power of Mr. Bruce,

or the first reforming Home Secretary who has time to take the matter in hand, and carry to its logical result the conclusion, somewhat sarcastically hinted in the report of Sir G. Lewis's Committee, that, as things go, no reason but its antiquity and existence can be found for maintaining the Corporation of London.

THE SHEPHERD.

Upon the lofty ledges of an alp
 Green as an emerald, whence into the vale
 Leaps the loud cataract, the shepherd lay;
 And, for the Spring was come and all things sweet,
 His soul was moved to music, and he played
 Upon his pastoral pipe a prelude rare,
 Accordant with the bleatings of the hill,
 And lowings of the valley, and far away
 Murmurings of the many-voiced main.
 Clear-voiced he sang, for he was skilled to wed
 Words winged with passion unto passionate airs;
 Happy the singer, but the song was sad,
 To pique the more him happy, and thus he sang:

"O meadow flowers, primrose and violet,
 Ye touch her slender ankles as she moves,
 But I, that worship, may not kiss her feet.

"O mountain airs, where unconfined float
 Her locks ambrosial, would that I were you,
 To wanton with the tangles of her hair!

"O leaping waves, that press and lip and lave
 Her thousand beauties, when shall it be mine
 To touch and kiss and clasp her even as you?

"But she more loves the blossom and the breeze
 Than lip or hand of mine, and thy cold clasp,
 O barren sea, than these impassioned arms."

So ran the song; and even the while he sang
 Her head lay on his shoulder, and her hands
 Wove him the prize, a crown of meadow flowers,
 Primrose and violet, and with amorous touch
 He wooed her neck and wantoned with her hair,
 And marked the tell-tale colour flush and fail
 Thrilled with a touch, and felt the counter-thrill
 Throng all the passionate pulses of the blood,
 Nor envied in his heart the barren sea.

F.

AN ENGLISH LANDLORD ON THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY SIR EDWARD STRACHEY, BART.

I WENT to Ireland in the autumn, and there I heard one Irish friend talking about the Englishmen who thought they could understand the Irish Land Question by driving about in an outside car; another told me of two old Irish women, one of whom, on seeing a stranger coming, said to the other, "That Englishman will be asking questions: shall we tell him the truth?" and she replied, "No, he isn't accustomed to it;" while a third friend, the lady of a great domain, warned me that when she asked one of the people in her village whether he had answered all the inquiries made by the English gentleman who had been staying in the house just before me, the Irishman replied, with eyes full of glee, "Sure I told him lies enough to rise his head off." So I decided to take another course, and to study the Irish Land Question in the way in which it must after all be studied by the greater part of the English and Scotch members of Parliament, who must form and give their judgment, not upon their own original investigation of the whole mass of facts, but on the faith of those who do know the facts, and produce them in the form of evidence. "Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making;" and when I found in Ireland all those signs of promise which Milton hailed—"much arguing, much writing, many opinions,"—"pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation," I could not but believe that I might get some certain knowledge by the study of these gradually crys-

tallising opinions of the thinkers, writers, speakers, and statesmen, among whom I found myself. That Ireland is, at this moment, in such a deeply-stirred state is obvious to every one who goes there, and who reads the Irish daily papers, and joins in the daily talk. I can only compare the popular excitement, as shown in the daily meetings all over the country, to that which preceded our general election the autumn before last in England: but there is this difference, that while we were fighting for certain objects within the bounds of a constitution which we all accepted, and which we knew to be itself safe, the Irish are fighting a battle of life and death, in which the Fenian aims at breaking altogether from British rule, while the statesman sees that now, or perhaps never, must that rule be brought into harmony with the wants and the wishes of people who are hesitating in their allegiance, and asking themselves doubtfully whether British rule does mean to them the beneficence of law and justice, or only the strong hand of the conquering race upon the conquered. There are, indeed, no small number of wise and good men in Ireland who have an honest faith in the constitution which makes Ireland a part of the British kingdom, who are upholding it by all the means in their power, and who look hopefully, and even enthusiastically, to the present Government to prove that it can meet the wants of Ireland no less than those of England and Scotland. I do not speak of the supporters of Protestant ascendancy, for I look on them as in effect, if not in intention, hardly less hostile to the peace of Ireland than the Fenians; but I speak of Irishmen who think and

feel for Ireland as Englishmen and Scotchmen think and feel for England and Scotland—with a special local affection, not opposed to, but comprehended in, their common loyalty. The Fenian agitation which has been going on through the autumn has been essentially disloyal, though it has, no doubt, attracted within its circle much of mere sentiment, and sympathy with prisoners as such; but the general character of the very numerous meetings on the Land Question has been no less essentially loyal, that is to say, has been carried on within those limits of constitutional discussion which we respect in England, but within which the utmost freedom of language is permitted. No one who has watched the course of these meetings can doubt that there is yet time to win the people's hearts to active loyalty to British rule. But if this opportunity is lost, who can say that there is any other to come? The moment is critical, for the landlords no less than for the tenants, and for England and Scotland no less than for Ireland. There is good reason to believe that on the one hand the tenants are willing to accept a compromise short of what they consider their full rights, in order to effect a settlement of the question, while, on the other, they are preparing, if there be no such settlement made in the coming session of Parliament, to combine to refuse to pay rents—a refusal which would be in some respects more serious as regards the landlords' interests than the present agrarian outrages, though these do, in the words of the *Times*' Commissioner, "control the management of landed property" in the east, west, and south. But there is yet time. The hostility, breaking at times into actual violence, with which the Fenians oppose all attempts to further the settlement of the Land Question, shows their belief that if it can be settled their treasonable designs will be frustrated; while every refusal by the advocates of its settlement to unite with the Fenians, as at the late Tipperary election, shows that they are still loyal in heart, and desirous still to live under the British Constitution, if

only it will afford them their fair share of beneficent law and government.

But why should this question of the relations of landlords and tenants in Ireland be of such enormous importance, and its settlement indispensable to the very existence of civil society?

1. In England and Wales two-thirds of the population find the means of living in trades, commerce, mines, and other non-agricultural occupations; but so limited are the like occupations in Ireland, that two-thirds of the people of the latter country must live by agriculture, or starve. They have not even the resource of relief from the poor-rates to any such extent as the starving have in England: for the Irish Poor Law is so much more stringent than that of England, that while the total number of paupers relieved in England and Wales on the 1st of January, 1867, was 958,824, the corresponding number in Ireland was 68,650, instead of 237,666, which would have been the proper number for the actual population of Ireland if the rate of relief had been the same as for England and Wales. And although, under the Act of 1849, the Guardians of the Irish Unions might have raised 9,000,000*l.* for emigration purposes, during the last twenty years, yet it appears, from the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for 1869, that only 119,280*l.* had been so raised. It is estimated that there are 440,000 tenant-farmers in Ireland, of whom 309,000 occupy holdings ranging from 5 to 30 acres, but averaging less than 16 acres; while there are only 86,699 holdings of more than 50 acres; and the yearly value of above 361,000 out of all these holdings ranges from 4*l.* to 20*l.* each. The Government valuation is sometimes below the actual rent, but the main fact remains, that Ireland is, for the most part, subdivided into minute farms, such as, with few exceptions, we know nothing of in England, occupied by tenants-at-will, who pay rack-rents, and are real tenant-farmers, living by the land they occupy, and not agricultural labourers like those of England, who pay the rent

of their cottages and gardens out of wages earned elsewhere.

2. But not only do the greater part of the Irish farmers differ from those in England in the smallness of their farms, and in their dependence on the possession of these for the subsistence of themselves and their wives and children; there is another not less important difference between the two. The English or Scotch tenant takes a farm ready provided by the landlord with dwelling-house, farm-buildings, fences, gates, drains, and pays rent for the use of these as well as of the land itself. But in Ireland, with a few exceptions, the whole of these things, which make the difference between a farm and a piece of waste or wild land, are the work of the tenant. Thus the Land Occupation (commonly called the Devon) Commission say: "In most cases, whatever is done in the way of building or fencing, is done by the tenant; and in the ordinary language of the country, dwelling-houses, farm-buildings, and even the making of fences, are described by the general word 'improvements,' which is thus employed to denote the necessary adjuncts to a farm, without which, in England or Scotland, no tenant would be found to rent it." It has, indeed, been lately asserted that things have changed since the report of this Commission in 1845, and that the Irish landlords do now make "improvements" as the English do. But the assertion comes from the agents of the great absentee landlords and the advocates of their views and methods of managing estates. They clear off the small tenants, consolidate their holdings into comparatively large farms, and put up the new buildings and other works required for these at the landlord's cost, introducing the English or Scotch system in this as well as in other respects, as far as they can. Thus Mr. Trench, in his evidence before the Lords' Tenure (Ireland) Bill Committee, 1867, giving a statement of the expenditure in seventeen years of 142,719*l.* in "improvements" by the English noblemen whose Irish estates he manages, includes in it the payment

of 10,366*l.* to tenants for surrenders, and of 25,647*l.* for emigration money to 7,379 pauper tenants. And Mr. Hamilton, who also insists before the same Committee that improvements are usually made by landlords, speaks of farms of forty or fifty acres in terms which imply that he considers them as the smallest upon which an industrious farmer can live. And those who rely on such authorities as these treat with scorn the notion that mud cabins or clumsy fences made by the tenants themselves are "improvements," and not mere nuisances. True, they are nuisances to the landlord who consolidates the holdings when the old occupiers have left them; but it must not be forgotten that it was their erection by those occupiers or their predecessors which made it possible for them to cultivate (often to reclaim) the land, and to pay for it the rent of cultivated land. Since the famine, two million acres of bog and mountain have been reclaimed, and raised from a nominal value to about 20*s.* an acre. This has been done mainly by the spade labour of small occupiers, for the plough cannot work on bog or stony moor. Is it fair to say that the houses, however humble, in which these occupiers have lived with their families while thus creating wealth for their landlord, are not "improvements" because they are not English or Scotch homesteads? To argue thus is to use words in a double sense. And even if it were true that English noblemen, living on their English revenues, built homesteads for every holding of five acres out of their surplus Irish rentals, yet they would be plainly exceptions. The ordinary Irish landlord cannot, and every one knows that he does not, make the "improvements"—the houses, farm-buildings, fences, gates, and drains—on each of the multitude of little farms on his estate. If authority is wanted, I may quote the evidence of Mr. Maguire, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Malcomson, or the statements of Mr. Caird, of Mr. Samuelson, or of Lord Portsmouth, who, in a recent speech, said that "with regard to the Irish land

"question, he denied the statements of
 "a certain class of speakers and writers,
 "who spoke of Irish tenants providing
 "their own buildings as the exception
 "and not the rule. As an Irish pro-
 "prietor he could say that there were
 "few instances in which the buildings
 "were provided by the landlord; indeed,
 "a friend of his who had resided in
 "Ireland for a number of years had said
 "that he could count those cases on his
 "fingers. One objection to assimilating
 "Irish tenure to English tenure was
 "that tenants often laid out such a
 "large sum of money on their estates
 "that it would cost a sum nearly equal
 "to the fee simple to buy them out if
 "the landlord wished his land to change
 "hands."

3. The Irish landlord, however, does
 not always think it necessary to *buy*
 out his tenant and his improvements.
 That superstition of English law, that
 whatever the tenant attaches to the soil
 belongs to the landlord, but which
 causes comparatively little inconvenience
 in England, is the law in Ireland under
 that very different condition of things
 which I have described. The waste
 land is no sooner reclaimed and fenced
 and drained, and provided with a home-
 stead by the tenant, than all these
 belong to the owner of the waste land;
 and in too many cases he claims his
 legal right, and either follows up, at far
 too early a date, nay, sometimes almost
 year by year, each improvement of the
 tenant by an increase in the rent, or else
 takes the whole for himself, without
 either allowing the tenant to retain it
 at even an extravagant rent, or paying
 him for the capital and labour which he
 has expended in making the land worth
 rent at all. Eviction is, indeed, less
 largely and unscrupulously resorted to
 than in the years that followed the
 famine: but the dread of it enforces
 the subtle and silent process of raising
 the rent, of which the world hears
 little, but which too often blights the
 spirit of improvement and keeps alive
 the sense of insecurity and resentment
 in the heart of the Irish farmer. But
 if evictions are now less numerous than

they were some years ago, they have not
 altogether ceased; and still less has the
 spirit which prompted them ceased to
 actuate a certain class of Irish land-
 lords. Mr. Samuelson saw near Tuam
 "the only remaining tenant of a group
 "of twenty-seven, whose little dwell-
 "ings, erected by themselves, were de-
 "stroyed in 1867;" and he heard from
 one of twelve tenants evicted near
 Oughterade in October 1864, how "their
 "houses were destroyed, and they re-
 "mained on the roadside with their
 "families for two months, without
 "shelter beyond that which a few
 "props and pieces of canvas afforded
 "the sick and pregnant women." He
 asked the man why they did not go
 to the workhouse; he replied indig-
 nantly, "Because we were not paupers,
 "and would not be degraded to their
 "level." One of the agrarian murders
 of the last few months was caused by
 the landlord evicting a herd who had
 spent 30*l.* on his house, and who offered
 to go quietly if he were only repaid this
 his actual outlay. The landlord refused
 to give him anything, and was shot.
 And I have inquired into the circum-
 stances of several of these murders,
 and found that they have generally
 been preceded by some such abuse
 of legal power. It is sometimes said,
 that we ought not to tell these things
 publicly; but I am seriously convinced
 that it is most important that the
 English public should understand the
 real meaning of these murders. They
 are murders, and in their results they
 must, since they are never detected,
 become as demoralising as any other
 murders to the people who get accus-
 tomed to see them with indifference, if
 not approval. Civil society is near its
 dissolution if the law against murder
 cannot be enforced because the com-
 munity do not think it murder, but
 rather an administration of wild justice
 where the law and lawgivers have
 abandoned their office and duty. But
 these outrages must not frighten us
 from a cool investigation of their causes
 and conditions. Morality and state-
 manship alike require that the law shall

be just, and not merely strong; and since there is a large portion of the Irish people—and they belonging to that agricultural class who in other countries, and in the contented parts of Ireland itself, are instinctively conservative and orderly—who declare, by their refusal to assist in asserting the law in this matter, that they believe that England is not their friend, nor England's law, it is surely time for the English people and Parliament to look into these things, and set them right, by extending to Ireland the spirit, and not merely the letter, and often only the harshest part of the letter, of English law. Then we shall at last see realised the words of the wise and generous Sir John Davies, who, more than two centuries and a half ago, and as if in anticipation of the iniquitous misrule which was to prevail in Ireland during that time, wrote that "If from the beginning . . . there had been no difference made between the natives in point of justice and protection, but all had been governed by one equal, just, and honourable law, . . . assuredly the Irish countries had long since been reformed and reduced to peace, plenty, and civility, which are the effects of laws and good government: . . . there had been a perfect union betwixt the nations, and consequently a perfect conquest of Ireland." And again, that when made loyal subjects by *such* a conquest (which indeed he too fondly hoped had been at last effected in his time) they would "gladly continue, without defection, or adhering to any other lord or king, as long as they may be protected and justly governed, without oppression on the one side, or impunity on the other. For there is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law when they do most desire it."

When I speak of the "felonious" landlords, as they have been happily

named, and of their doings as the explanation—not justification—of the acts of the "felonious" tenants, I do not say, or think, that this is the fit description of the majority of Irish landlords. I believe that they are a comparatively small minority, and that the greater number, if not all from sense of justice, yet then from prudence, allow their tenants their due share of the profits of their labour and expenditure. Still they are numerous enough to cause by their conduct a general sense of insecurity to the tenants all over Ireland. The traditional "ascendancy" of race and creed explains the frequent absence of either conscience or public opinion as checks on the exercise of extreme legal rights. There is an increasing disposition in our day to look upon land as a mere commercial investment, and an increasing pressure on its owner to get from it the utmost amount of money; and the heir or the purchaser of one estate repudiates (as the law allows) the engagements of his predecessor, on the faith of which the tenants had covered that estate with the fruits of their capital and labour, and confiscates them all; while the landlord of another estate on the back of every receipt for his rent writes a notice to quit, to be used as an instrument for obtaining more rent, as fast as the tenant adds to the value of his farm. I heard lately of an instance in which the rent had thus been raised three times in the last ten years. Other landlords, again, have a mania for consolidating, and evict tenants, not because they cannot pay their existing rents, or refuse to pay higher rents, but because the landlord wishes to introduce a system of large farms. And we must remember that seven-eighths of these Irish farmers are tenants-at-will, and liable to this treatment. They are not, like English or Scotch farmers, able both to take away with them all the capital they have been employing on the land, and also to find either another farm or some new means of livelihood; they are for the most part small tenants who have sunk their little all in making

their few acres yield subsistence for their families, and who, if evicted, must leave that little all behind, and go to the workhouse, or fall into the precarious, and to them degrading, condition of labourers, since there are neither vacant farms in a country where consolidation is going on as it is in Ireland, nor great centres of manufacture, trade, or commerce, to which they can turn. These two things, Security of Tenure, and Compensation for Improvements, are prime necessities of existence to the Irish tenant-farmer; and though it is probable that the greater number are in actual enjoyment of them, there is a general alarm, because no one is safe; and if the blow has of late years not fallen as often, or swept such large districts, as in the terrible days which came after the famine, yet it does fall often enough, and under circumstances varied enough, to make every man feel that his turn may be next. The agrarian murders have been very few in comparison with the number of landlords, yet they keep all landlords in anxiety; and so it is with the evictions, which, though few in one sense, are many enough to make legislation an absolute necessity, if Ireland is to become peaceful, contented, and loyal.

I do not argue with those who deny this necessity for legislation, and demand to be let alone to settle the matter with their tenants. Some of these are bold, bad men, who, like mediæval barons, are ready to venture their lives if they may but plunder,—though the barons did not plunder their own people; some are non-resident landlords, whose tenants do not intimidate them by shooting their agents; some are agents, who are willing to risk the shooting if they may wield lordly power over a subject tenantry; and some are good landlords, who fear interference with their paternal government. But these last will no doubt follow the example of those of their number who have already declared themselves willing to surrender powers which they are yet conscious that they do not abuse.

I pass to the consideration of the various proposals which are now being made for legislating to meet the demand of the Irish tenant-farmer for security from capricious eviction, and for recognition of his right to compensation for his "improvements" if he quits the land. These proposals may be reduced to three: that of making the present tenants and their heirs the proprietors of their holdings, subject to the payment of certain rent-charges to the present landlords and their heirs; that of giving the tenants long leases; and that of legalising the Ulster tenant-right, and extending it over the whole country. There are several variations in the forms in which each of these proposals has been made, but in principle there are only these three.

Of the first of these proposals, I know that not even the eloquent and prophet-like warnings with which Mr. Mill has urged its acceptance will induce the British Parliament to adopt it. Nor, while that eloquence fills my imagination, does it satisfy my judgment. Whatever may be the case in India, France, Belgium, or Italy, the reasons are very strong for believing that the Irish cottiers would both subdivide and sub-let their holdings till they sank into the lowest state of existence, unless they were restrained from so doing; nor could the State exercise such restraint through any other agency than that of the landlord. The Irish tenants being what they are, and must be for some generations, the landlords have duties to them and to the State, which they can perform, and which are worth performing, but which must be performed by landlords or not at all. The *Times'* Commissioner tells us how good landlords do perform these duties; there are many such; and their numbers will be increased when a more equitable adjustment of the legal relations of landlords and tenants has removed the chief causes of distrust and discontent between them.

The second proposal, advocated in one form by Mr. Caird, and in another by Mr. Buxton, that security of tenure and

compensation for improvements should be given by means of long leases, is open to several serious objections. No one has shown that the plan of leases really meets the case, except with large holdings, and where the "improvements" are made by the landlord. The tenants themselves by no means think that leases would meet their demands for security and compensation. The lease is to them "a long notice to quit," and an unintelligible rignarole which delivers them bound, they know not how far, to the landlord's attorney. What can the 172,000 tenants of five to fifteen acres be expected to think of leases, or what fitness can there be in giving them leases in satisfaction of their demands? And lastly, this scheme of leases is not a settlement, but a postponement, of the Land Question, an evasion of our own duty in the matter which will make the difficulty of its settlement in the next generation greater than ever.

There remains the proposal of legalising the custom of tenant-right in Ulster, and extending it over the rest of Ireland. As this custom has not been made law by the Irish courts, as it would assuredly have been by those of Westminster had it been an English custom, it has no legal definition, and may therefore be best explained by a description of its working on the estates on which it is most fully recognised. The tenant on such estates has an admitted right, on giving up his occupation for whatever cause, to sell his interest, or, in the event of his death, to leave it by will. In the latter case, he directs which of his sons, or representatives, shall take the farm, and apportions among the other members of the family the payments which this his successor is to make to each. If he sells, instead of bequeathing, he selects the purchaser and himself receives the payment. But in either case the landlord has a veto on this selection of the successor, whether on the ground that he is not a fit man, or that the landlord wishes to add the farm to that next to it, or to take it into his own occupation. In the last case, the landlord himself

pays the recognised value of the right. The money is usually paid into the agent's hands, who first takes any arrears of rent due to the landlord; the outgoing tenant then appropriates a sufficient sum to enable him and his family to remove, and enter on some new employment: and after that come any claims of creditors. The landlord, besides these rights of controlling the sale and the application of the proceeds of the sale of the tenant's interest, may, in full accordance with the custom, raise his rent from time to time to such an extent as to profit not only by the rise of prices, but also by the gradual improvement in the cultivation of the land, in so far as the tenant may be held to have already sufficiently compensated himself for such improvements. But the landlord must not, in his valuation for such increased rent, include buildings or any other distinct or substantive improvements which have been made by the tenants. As they say, he may demand a fair rent, but must not confiscate the improvements. This may seem rather a vague definition of the landlord's right of raising his rent, but there is always the practical test of whether it has been raised so as to affect the value of the tenant-right, and it is found that the matter settles itself well enough, just as it does in the like questions, on the more limited scale in which they occur, in Somersetshire, and I suppose in other parts of England too.

This tenant-right has been more or less "eaten into," or even, I believe, confiscated, by hostile landlords here and there; but its value is still estimated at 5*l.* to 15*l.* an acre, or 20,000,000*l.* for the whole of Ulster, even though it is wholly unprotected by law, and though some landlords are disposed to avail themselves of their legal power to refuse to recognise it. But we must not suppose that the Ulster tenant-right is a mere right to compensation for improvements. It is of the essence of the right that it is a right to compensation for disturbance as well as for improvements, the two being blended in one claim. In

this consists the merit of the custom with its advocates, and the objection to it in the eyes of its opponents. The latter, indeed, admit the difficulty of ignoring, or even the duty of equitably recognising, an interest which, as I have just said, is valued at 20,000,000*l.*; but as I am considering the proposal of not only legalising the custom in Ulster, but of extending it to the rest of Ireland as the true solution of the Land Question, I must state the arguments on both sides more fully.

It is admitted by the opponents of the Ulster custom, that some compensation for unexhausted improvements is due to the tenant; but they say that the payment for "goodwill" is a sort of "black-mail," or security against disturbance of the incoming by the outgoing tenant, and as such is an unproductive outlay of the tenant's capital, which ought to be all employed in cultivating his land; while there is the further inconvenience that the other portion of the payment—that for improvements—not being separable from the first, is necessarily paid in cash too, when it had better have been anticipated by a long lease, instead of thus exhausting the new tenant's capital. Some say that the landlord's fair rent is reduced by the amount of the interest on the incoming tenant's payment; while others say that it reduces the tenant's margin of profit, but not the landlord's rent; but they agree that, one way or the other, the custom is bad. It may seem so to the theorist, but the facts are the other way. The Ulster tenants are peaceable, contented, and prosperous, except in as far as they are disturbed, or fear to be disturbed, in their "right." Land in Ulster is far less fertile by nature than it is in the south, yet its rents are higher; it is more populous, and more subdivided, in proportion to its area, than Munster, yet its poor-rates are lower; and it is entirely free from Fenian treason, agrarian crime, and agrarian wretchedness, of which Tipperary in Munster may be called the centre. I set these facts against the theory that the landlords and tenants of Ulster are

injured by Ulster tenant-right. But I will give the reasons on the other side, as well as the facts. If the so-called "goodwill" is a security to the incoming against disturbance by the outgoing tenant, it is also a security against disturbance by the landlord. Though the landlord retains his legal power of evicting, he has no need to exercise it for non-payment of rent, because the tenant, who cannot pay, sells his interest, and the price at once covers the arrears of rent, and enables him to go and seek a living elsewhere. And if the landlord goes beyond this, and evicts in order to "confiscate the improvements," he commits a breach of the custom. Consequently, there are no evictions. The tenant feels secure in his holding, and lives and works under that magic influence of security, the effects of which all landlords and tenants know, and creates a new and additional value from the land, which is never created by the half-hearted energies of the man who knows not whether he shall reap what he has sown. And so this payment for "goodwill," estimated at 20,000,000*l.*, is not taken either from the landlord or the tenant, but is an addition to the resources of both, by which both benefit. It enables the occupier to live in peace, and so to rise into a state of civilization in which cruel evictions and savage outrages are no longer elements and conditions of daily existence; and there is no more propriety in nicknaming this payment "black-mail," and denouncing it as contrary to sound political economy, than there is in so treating our payments for poor-relief, or police, or law, or any other unproductive expenditure by which we maintain civilized society. Dr. Hancock, the distinguished political economist and statistician, has pointed out to me two most important respects in which this payment for "goodwill" specially belongs to the class of beneficial, though unproductive, modes of employing capital. Parliament has decided that the land shall be rated to the relief of the destitute poor, and tenant-right provides for every tenant and his family, who would otherwise be thrown on the poor-rate if

he left his farm. Parliament has declared that the land ought to be charged with an emigration rate for the like purpose of relieving the same classes, and here again the tenant-right payment is a substitute for the emigration rate.

On these grounds, and not merely on that of vested interest, I maintain that the Ulster tenant-right—the payment for disturbance and not merely for improvements—should be upheld by law; and that a system of Tenant-Right framed upon the principles of the Ulster custom, though not slavishly copied from it, should be extended to the rest of Ireland. Such tenant-right already exists here and there all over Ireland in a more or less rudimentary form. Its principles regulate the relations of landlord and tenant on the estate of every good landlord. What men call “rights” in the north, they more humbly call “privileges” in the south, but the thing is the same. The system of tenant-right is the proper Irish relation of landlord and tenant: it has not been imported from India, from France, or from Scotland, but has grown up on its native soil, by natural selection, and through a long and hard struggle for existence. The cry that is going up from the numerous tenant-right meetings all over Ireland is often wild and inarticulate, but, in proportion as it becomes clear, we find that it means this: “We only ask to be treated as the good landlords treat their tenants; we only ask for the security of tenure which they have in Ulster.” These have more than once been the actual words at those meetings, and still oftener their truest meaning. Sir John Gray among public speakers, and the *Freeman's Journal* among newspapers, are the recognised leaders of the demand for Fixity of Tenure. Yet Sir John Gray, in his speech at Manchester, which he afterwards republished in Ireland as the exposition of his policy, took Ulster as his type of what Ireland should be, and declared that he did not want the plan of Mr. Mill, and that his own plan “was in effect and substance the Ulster tenant-right.” And the *Freeman's Journal*, discussing in one of

its latest numbers what the principle of a satisfactory land law should be, says, “This principle is to be found in the northern tenant-right.” This is what the Irish want: and I repeat that this compensation for disturbance, which is practically security of tenure, is the just right of the tenant, because the “improvements” which are his, and not the landlord's, give him a special interest in the land, and a claim not to be disturbed; it is politically expedient, because the condition of Ulster shows that it may be expected to give content and prosperity to the rest of Ireland; and it is in accordance with economical science, which pronounces that the efficiency of industry is great in proportion as its fruits are ensured to the person exerting it. And if such a method of settling the Irish land question would be truly Irish, it would not be less truly English. I do not say so because customary tenant-right exists in England, as every English landlord knows, but because there is no principle more habitually recognised by the English people and Parliament than this, that legislation must as far as possible be based on precedent or experience; that the experience, the recorded results of the wisdom of former generations, shall be called in to aid the reason of the existing generation, and the new shall thus be made to grow out of, and form a living part of, the old.

Let me state how tenant-right, if it had the force of law, would give security of tenure, and the way in which the law would work. There must be some local tribunal, easy of access, independent and otherwise trustworthy, and empowered to exercise a large equitable discretion in its decisions; and I believe that the Assistant-Barrister's Court might easily be made into such a tribunal. If the landlord proposed to evict a tenant, and did not make such terms with him as would satisfy him, and induce him to surrender voluntarily, the Court would, before permitting the eviction, require the landlord to pay the tenant both for his improvements and for the disturbance of his occupation. The amount of

payment would usually be ascertained by a valuation of the tenant's interest in his occupation, to be made on the basis of what a solvent tenant would give for the occupation, if let to him at the existing rent, and with the tenant's "goodwill" and property in the "improvements" transferred to him. If the eviction were "capricious"—if it were neither for non-payment of rent, nor for some reason why the tenant should be bought out at whatever cost,—it is evident that no additional rent which the landlord could get from a new tenant would compensate him for this payment down, and also leave him a margin of advantage; and he would therefore have no motive for such eviction, and in practice would not evict. So if he proposed to raise the rent on the existing tenant, if the rise were a reasonable one the tenant would accept it rather than throw up his farm; but if it were unreasonable, he would insist on his landlord purchasing his interest, and here again it could not be worth the landlord's while to do so, if he were asking an unfair increase of rent. The naked right would be left, but the motive to use it unfairly taken away. And this would give, not fixity yet security of tenure. There might still be an occasional abuse of the power, but some abuses there would be under any form of settlement, and *de minimis non curat lex*: the just rights and interests of the tenants would be in the main upheld; this method of giving security of tenure, and this only, would have all that elasticity which is needed to allow of good landlords doing their duty—their indispensable duty—to their tenants and to the State, and so carrying on the civilization of the country; and it would far better meet the wishes and wants of the great body of cottier tenants than any system of leases, in giving them a tenure of indefinite duration, held by implied though unwritten contract, instead of "a long notice to quit." At the same time the establishment of such tenant-right

would in no way interfere with the granting leases where both parties desired it. As little would it interfere with carrying out Mr. Bright's scheme, which I just mention that I may not seem either to ignore or disapprove it. Other supplementary measures I could touch upon if I had space: but I will content myself with reminding those who declare that it is impossible to legalise the Ulster tenant-right, and extend its principles to the rest of Ireland, that we were told last year that the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church would fail, because it was impossible to deal effectually with so complicated a matter. The men who prepared that masterpiece of legislation, the Irish Church Bill, are still our leaders, and are at work on an Irish Land Bill. Mr. Gladstone's power beyond that of other statesmen of anticipating, calling forth, and carrying into action the convictions of the people of England who trust him so entirely, his clear apprehension of the principles of a policy, and his wonderful skill in expounding that policy to Parliament, are all arrayed again for their task. So, too, Mr. Fortescue's thorough knowledge of the Irish, and deep interest in their welfare, his strong sense of justice in resolving what ought to be, and his political sagacity in deciding what can be done, are engaged now, as then, upon the work. And if Mr. Sullivan's great acuteness and debating power are to be lost to the Government henceforth in the House of Commons, his mastery of the legal details and difficulties of the case are still available, as they were in preparing the Church Bill. Nor can I forget, though I may not name, other "wise and faithful labourers," who are preparing for their chiefs the indispensable materials for the work, and who, unknown to the world, serve the cause for its own sake. Whatever measure for the settlement of the Irish Land Question comes out from these hands, will not be other than completely efficient and successful.